

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,060

MARCH 22, 1890

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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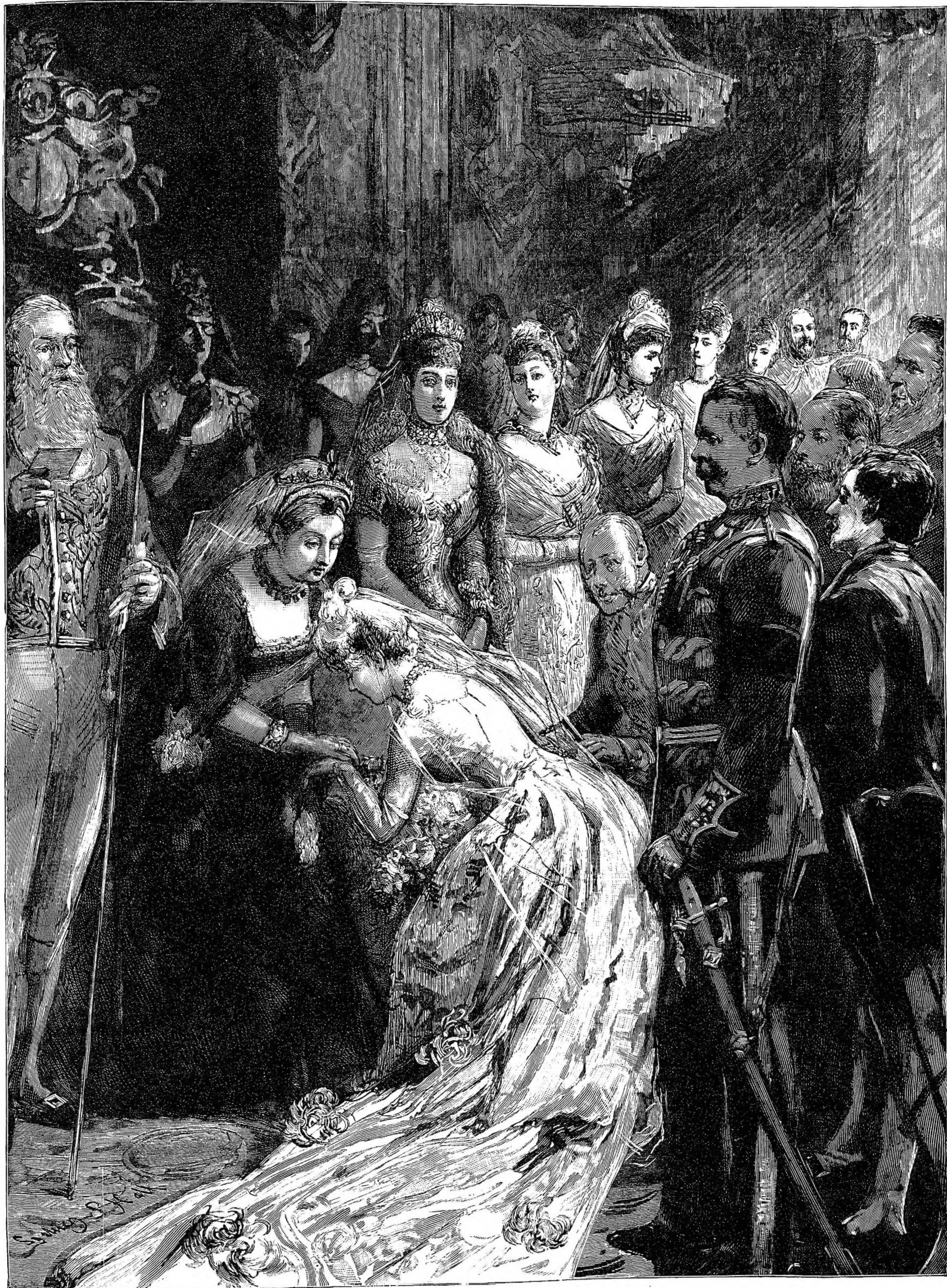
THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,060.—Vol. XLI.
Registered as a Newspaper.] ÉDITION
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SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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A PRESENTATION TO HER MAJESTY AT A RECENT DRAWING-ROOM

Topics of the Week

THE GREAT STRIKE.—However opinions may differ about the justice or otherwise of the pitmen's strike, there is unanimity of judgment as to its being a national calamity. Already it has worked harm and suffering to multitudes entirely unconnected with the coal-trade. The operatives of Lancashire and the metal-workers of Sheffield and Birmingham may well exclaim "A plague on both your houses" on finding themselves deprived of wages because there is no fuel to supply them with steam-power. But grievous as is this state of things, a still more serious matter is what may be called the political aspect of the struggle. Heretofore, the Miners' Unions and the Colliery Owners' Associations have fought out their quarrels within their own individual territories. A strike or a lock-out consequently only affected the coal industry in a limited district, and all other trades could get their supplies of fuel, with little inconvenience, from the outside. But now, a gigantic Federation of Miners' Unions faces a scarcely less-formidable combination of Owners' Associations, so that a strike or lock-out covers a very wide area. When Mr. Pickard and his colleagues brought about, after much striving, the Miners' Federation, it was certain that they would not be long in making trial of this new weapon of coercion. Recognising this, the owners also federated in their turn, and thus the fighting spirit was fanned on both sides until it burst into flame. It must be admitted, however, that while the proprietors have maintained a conciliatory attitude throughout, even offering to show their backs and to submit to arbitration, the pitmen have displayed an aggressive and overbearing disposition. They must not, therefore, look for much public sympathy, especially as no question of harsh treatment or of over-work is at stake. They may need it sorely, nevertheless, before the strike ends. It is estimated that 150,000 miners have come out, and that means at least half-a-million of people to be supported out of the funds of the Federated Unions.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S RESIGNATION.—Prince Bismarck has for so long a time been the foremost figure in European politics that it is hard to realise that he is about to withdraw from public life. It cannot be said that he retires because Germany is about to pass under the influence of a wholly new order of ideas. The Kaiser is evidently resolved to try whether he cannot detach workmen from the Social-Democratic party by adopting some parts of the Socialist programme; but in taking this course he is simply developing the Chancellor's policy. He apparently wishes to go a little further than Prince Bismarck thinks prudent; but the questions in dispute relate only to details, not to matters of principle. The great Chancellor will, indeed, always be remembered not only as the uniter of Germany, but as the statesman who first recognised the importance of the social problem, and who first attempted to solve it by means of semi-Socialist measures. The real difficulty is that, like himself, William II. does not find it easy to give way even on issues of secondary importance. In all matters relating to the Army William I. had strong opinions, and acted resolutely; with regard to other questions, he chose to be guided solely by the advice of the Minister in whose wisdom he had confidence. William II., on the contrary, has views of his own about most things, and sees no reason why he should not be master in his own house. Prince Bismarck is too old, or too proud, to adapt himself to the changed conditions, and so he prefers to yield his office to some one who will be a more pliable instrument in the young Sovereign's hands. No very startling results are likely to spring from his decision. The foundations of his foreign policy are too deep to be readily shaken; and as for the Emperor's Socialism, that will be kept within very narrow limits by the Reichstag, which, as a resisting force, has often given effectual proof of its power.

TWO COUNTY COUNCIL BILLS.—With regard to the first of the two so-called "private" Bills promoted by the London County Council, which came on for second reading on Tuesday, Mr. Baumann pointed out, with entire good sense, though with unnecessary violence of language, that instead of being content with seeking powers to make a bridge across Bow Creek, and to acquire Brockwell Park, the Council had inserted clauses which would virtually convert them from an administrative into a judicial body; would trench on the rights of the City Corporation; and would, in fact, make our newly-organised municipality a close copy of its Parisian congener. As Mr. Ritchie, though expressing himself with far greater moderation, substantially took the same view as Mr. Baumann, the objectionable clauses were struck out. The Strand Improvement Bill, again, cannot properly be described as a private measure, seeing that it embodies a recognition of the Betterment theory. At the first glance this theory has a plausible aspect. If it be right that house-owners should be compensated for injury done to their property by public improvements, it seems equally fair that when these improvements raise the value of their property they should contribute specially to the cost of the alterations by which they have thus received

pecuniary benefit. On the other hand, it is contended, and not without reason, that those properties whose value has been enhanced will eventually bear their share of the burden in the form of increased taxation. But the chief practical objection to the Betterment principle is not so much that it is theoretically unfair as that it is extremely difficult to levy the proposed charge on the persons whose property has been really improved, without touching others who have not been thus benefited. Every case would require careful examination, and the legal expenses would be so great that the rate-payers would probably discover that most of what they had screwed out of the landlords had gone into the pockets of lawyers and estate-agents. Nevertheless, the question is, it must be admitted, a difficult one, and therefore it is well that it has been referred for consideration to a Select Committee.

MONSTER GUNS.—Not without a sense of pleasure will the British taxpayer perceive that a reaction has set in against monster ordnance for naval purposes. The huge guns which are the pride and joy of Elswick found few defenders during the discussion on the Navy Estimates. Captain Bethell and others denounced them in unmeasured terms, while Lord George Hamilton's defence had a distinctly perfunctory and apologetic tone. It is perfectly true, of course, that if one of the prodigious missiles discharged from an Elswick Infant happens to hit an ironclad, the damage is simply awful. But the 110-ton gun is not good for snap shots, and as ships are usually on the move, not one shot out of ten would probably strike except at close quarters, when a missile of half the weight would do almost as much execution. But the greatest defect of these overgrown guns is the rapidity with which they wear out. It is not yet determined by authority how many shots could be fired before the piece had to be taken to hospital to be doctored. But it is pretty well agreed that 100 rounds would much more than suffice to place the very best *hors de combat*. The Admiralty is well advised, therefore, to restrict the supply to a few ships; perhaps it would be wiser still to get rid of them altogether. They would be very valuable, by reason of their long range, for coast defences, where, too, they might last for many years without having a single shot fired from them. But they are too cumbersome and too costly for board-ship use; nor would they have ever been introduced, we fancy, had not Italy considered it necessary to arm her monster ironclads with equally gigantic ordnance. And so England, not to be outdone, went in for bigger guns still.

M. DE FREYCINET'S GOVERNMENT.—The new French Ministry has begun its career with the exposition of a very guarded programme. The probability is that it has only a vague idea as to the policy it will have to adopt. Everything will depend on the temper of the Radicals, and that is as uncertain as the state of the weather in March. After the General Election there seemed to be a chance that the less extreme members of the Royalist and Imperial parties would unite with the Moderate Republicans to form a working majority in the Chamber. In that case France might have hoped to secure the advantage of a stable and continuous system of Government. The so-called Conservatives, however, did not see their way to make the necessary sacrifices; and the Moderate Republicans were compelled once more to conclude a sort of alliance with the Radicals. M. de Freycinet and his colleagues appeal for support to the entire Republican party; but they are likely very soon to find that the Republican party is really made up of two mutually hostile sections. That has been the experience of all their predecessors, and there is no reason to suppose that they will be an exception to the general rule. Fortunately, the differences of opinion which separate the various factions from one another do not extend to foreign politics. Frenchmen of every shade of political conviction express an ardent desire for the maintenance of peace, and no one doubts that their professions are sincere. M. Ribot, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, will not, therefore, have a task of exceptional difficulty. The less the country hears of foreign affairs during his term of office the better it will be pleased.

PARLIAMENTARY COUNTS-OUT AND LONG SPEECHES.—It seems strange, in view of the complaints of private members that so much of the time which they formerly enjoyed is now monopolised by Government business, that the House of Commons should be easily counted out. This phenomenon has occurred twice during the last few days, and it makes the ignorant outsider think that some of the traditional usages of our legislators are wonderfully devoid of common sense. Of course, a count-out indicates that the House has no stomach for the dish which is at that moment being set before it, but why should its distaste for that particular dainty prevent it during all the rest of the evening from trying any of the other numerous dishes which are waiting for its acceptance? In this connection the suggestion of Mr. Boyd Kinnear, who was for some time a member of Parliament, seems deserving of attention. "Let a count-out," he says, "put a stop, not to the business of the House, but to the speech of the orator who has emptied the House. If forty members do not wish to hear more of him, let the Speaker call on the next who catches his eye; if no one rises, let him put the question. So the bore will be put to silence, and the business of the country will

go on." We are not quite so sanguine as Mr. Kinnear that "the business of the country will go on," as a succession of bores or wilful obstructionists might still keep the ball of purposeless babble a-rolling. Still, the change, which is, after all, a small one, is worth trying. A much more important reform would be a compulsory diminution in the length of speeches. Even Ministerial statements are usually given at wearisome and unnecessary length, seeing that the details are already accessible to the listeners in a printed form. In the hands of a speaker who understood the art of condensation half-an-hour should suffice even for a Chancellor of the Exchequer disclosing his Budget. As for the ordinary speeches in a debate, if a man cannot say in ten minutes all that is worth hearing, he had better hold his tongue. If the orators in the portentous Commission debate had been limited to ten minutes apiece, the public might possibly have read their effusions. As it was, ninety-nine persons out of a hundred who cared to bore themselves at all with this played-out topic, were satisfied with the newspaper summaries.

TRUST COMPANIES AND TRUSTEES.—It would be a matter for profound regret were Lord Herschell to abandon the Trust Companies Bill, merely because a majority of the Peers have thought fit to amend it in one particular. He has only to make inquiry in City circles to learn that some companies which have the word "trust" in their titles are entirely unfit to undertake trustees' work. The object of the Lord Chancellor's Amendment was merely to insure that speculative concerns should be debarred from the privileges proposed to be conferred by the Bill, and, in adopting it, the Lords certainly showed proper regard for the *cestui que trust*. Thus safeguarded against being made a crutch for promoting companies, the measure provides a fair amount of security for property in trust, while greatly promoting the public convenience. Every year, it becomes more difficult to induce any but the very ignorant, or the very reckless, to accept the thankless office of trustee. The spread of education has, we suppose, brought about this aversion to the performance of a duty which our forefathers seem to have rather relished. Or it may be that folks are more conscientious now-a-days than to accept responsibilities which they never intend to discharge. Yet there is still no difficulty in securing godfathers and godmothers to look after the spiritual welfare of infants until they come to years of discretion. Perhaps it would be a sounder theory therefore to debit the modern avoidance of trusteeships to the awful tales told by sufferers of what they have had to endure. Anyway, there is the fact that to induce a reasonable being of mature years to undertake the work is about as difficult as to prevail on a teetotaller to administer a public-house for another person's benefit. Let us hope, therefore, that Lord Herschell will refrain from suffocating the useful little infant for which he stands sponsor.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND THE CONSERVATIVES.—The Council of the Paddington Conservative Association has expressed a very decided opinion as to the course taken by Lord Randolph Churchill regarding the Report of the Special Commission. The members of this body have, it seems, no sort of doubt that his action was "entirely out of harmony with the views of the Conservative electors of the Division;" and they have recorded this conviction "with deep regret." Was it absolutely necessary, from their own point of view, to say anything whatever about the matter? No doubt it was disagreeable for them to read Lord Randolph's speech; but it is not disputed that the ideas to which he gave utterance seemed to him of great importance, and that he believed himself to be discharging a public duty in submitting them for the consideration of the House of Commons. Does the Paddington Conservative Council hold that a member of Parliament is never to speak except when his opinions happen to coincide with those of the majority of the voters by whom he has been elected? That view has often been maintained by Radical politicians, but Conservatives have generally contended for a wider conception of the functions of the national representatives. If left alone, Lord Randolph Churchill would probably prefer to associate his political fortunes with those of the party with which he has hitherto been connected; but his old friends are talking of him with so much bitterness that he may be compelled, in spite of himself, to enter into a new alliance. The Conservatives can hardly be of opinion that that result would be for their advantage. In driving him towards the Radicals they are committing the same mistake as the Radicals are committing in driving Mr. Chamberlain towards the Tories.

MARRIAGE STATISTICS.—Dr. Ogle's lecture on this subject before the Royal Statistical Society contains some interesting items. That we have changed from being an agricultural to a manufacturing and industrial people is forcibly indicated by the statement that the frequency of marriage does not depend—as it was formerly said to depend—on the price of bread, but on the activity of the export trade. If exports are brisk, marriages increase, even though the price of bread should be high. It is suggestive also, though by no means remarkable, that marriages are proportionately more numerous in those counties where young women are largely engaged in industrial occupations. Even among the self-denying middle and upper classes the charms

of Love are enhanced by a substantial *dot*; and, to a Bedfordshire lass, her straw-plaiting is her *dot*. Girls consequently have a better chance of getting married in Bedfordshire than in any other county in England. We should doubt, however, whether the proportion of really satisfactory unions is equally great, for factory girls rarely make such capable wives as those who have learnt domestic duties at home or in service. Dr. Ogle seems to think, in view of the constant increase of population, that the present rate of marriage is about twice as high as it should be. For this he suggests three remedies. Retardation of marriage would imply a certain amount of self-restraint and prudence on the part of the working classes in which they are at present deficient, but on the other hand it would not—judging, once more, from the example of our middle and upper classes—improve public morals. Permanent celibacy, due to mere prudential motives, would be still worse in this respect, but, fortunately, it is never likely to be largely adopted. Emigration is the only wholesome remedy suggested, and in this matter, a Government which really had the welfare of the people at heart might do much if they would spend in helping respectable people to emigrate some of the money which is now so lavishly voted for building ironclads and barracks.

THE LIFEBOAT SERVICE.—To bestow praise on the National Lifeboat Institution always savours of painting the lily and gilding refined gold. Its record of splendid work splendidly done speaks more eloquently for its merits than the most effusive eulogy would. Year after year, ever since its formation, this noble society has gone on quietly and steadily saving the lives of shipwrecked sailors. But not content with that, it has continuously improved the efficiency of the means employed in the work of rescue. Time was, and that not many years back, when accidents to lifeboats were of quite common occurrence, and when to embark in one was about as dangerous as to take part in a forlorn hope. But the old craft have gradually been replaced by new of more perfect models, with the result that, although more than 600 lives were saved last year through the instrumentality of the Institution, only one fatal accident happened to its fleet. Something still remains to be accomplished, however, before the ideal of safety is reached; this is the substitution of steam-power for oars to make headway against heavy seas. The annual report states that an experimental steam lifeboat will shortly be ready for service, and should she prove a success, there will be nothing for it but to set about the reconstruction of the whole fleet. But where are the funds to come from? That rests with the charitable public to say. Generous as has always been the help accorded to the Institution, still more is required to enable it to cope with the ever-growing needs of its mission. Last year's expenditure was largely in excess of the income, and as the wants of 1890 are not likely to be less than those of 1889, another deficit seems certain, unless British philanthropy increases its subscription. As the Duke of Fife said at the annual meeting, "It would be a national calamity if the Institution were compelled to curtail its labours from lack of funds." Since they began, those labours have saved nearly 35,000 lives.

ENGLISH ART IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The thanks of all lovers of English Art are due to Mr. Orrock for the admirable paper he read lately before the Society of Arts. On the Continent it is very generally supposed that England has had no painters whose works are worthy of serious study. Mr. Orrock had, of course, little difficulty in showing that this ridiculous notion springs simply from ignorance. Within its own sphere—that is, in the departments of landscape and portraiture—the English School has achieved results of which any country might be proud. Strangely enough, however, the nation has altogether failed to do justice to many of the masters whom it has produced. Some of them are, indeed, well represented in the National Gallery; but others are either not represented there at all, or are represented most inadequately. Against this scandalous neglect Mr. Orrock protested strongly, and his protest ought to be repeated again and again, by himself and by others, until the defect is remedied. It would have been better if he had not sneered at "squint-eyed Byzantine saints," for it is right that students should have in the national collection an opportunity of tracing every stage in the development of Art. The real point is that while giving proper heed to other Schools we ought not to fail in the attention due to our own illustrious painters. Mr. Orrock was especially emphatic in his denunciations of the way in which we have dealt with the great English achievements in water-colour. The time, we hope, will come when it will seem almost incredible that the nation was once content to stow away in cellars such masterpieces as those of Turner and De Wint. In the mean time, our rulers seem to find nothing anomalous in this arrangement, and we may be sure that they will be perfectly content with it until the educated classes unite to demand a change. Mr. Orrock has done good by raising the question, and other connoisseurs should miss no opportunity of following his example.

Hops.—Many years ago we heard a teetotal lecturer begin a discourse thus: "Beer is made of three things—malt, 'ops, and water." The statement might be true then,

but it is scarcely true now. The revised version would rather run: "Beer is made of sugar, catechu, and water." The change is largely due to the determination of the Free Trade *doctrinaires* to carry out unflinchingly the tenets of their gospel without any regard to consequences. So long as the malt-tax existed, beer could not lawfully be brewed from sugar, and this gave the native barley-grower a chance; but when Mr. Gladstone substituted a duty on the manufactured article, the foreign sugar-grower reaped the benefit. As regards hops, the Free Trade policy has been still more disastrous. The change was not felt at first, because foreigners had not learnt the art of producing marketable hops, but now they come in such abundance that hop-cultivation in Kent and elsewhere is gradually being abandoned in despair. These imported hops—except those from America—are of indifferent quality, but their low price attracts purchasers. Then, besides the competition from foreign hops, the native growers have to compete with chemical bitters, which, it is declared, are largely used at the present time. The total effect of our Free Trade legislation as regards beer may be succinctly stated thus. Beer is no cheaper than it used to be, and it has, speaking generally, deteriorated in quality. A nasty brassy flavour, due it may be presumed to chemical substitutes for the hop, is more often met with than formerly. When to this is added that we have transferred the profits which used to accrue to English barley-growers to Cuban sugar-plantations and German beet-root factories, and that acres of hops are being grubbed up in Kent, we think we have stated a pretty serious indictment against Free Trade in beer.

NOTICE.—With this number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "FOX-HUNTING IN THE PAST," facsimiles of drawings by Rowlandson and Alken.

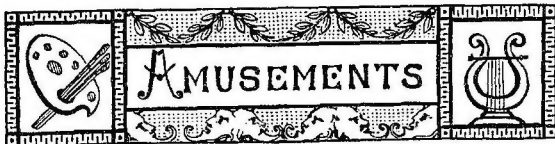
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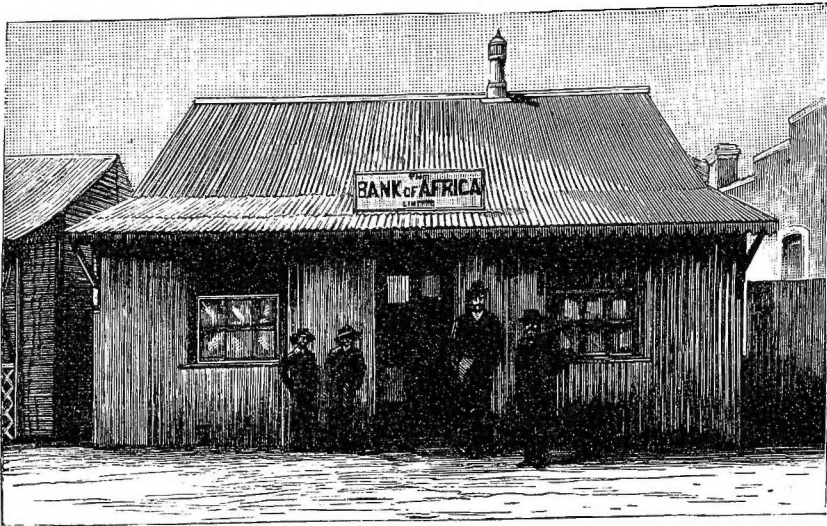
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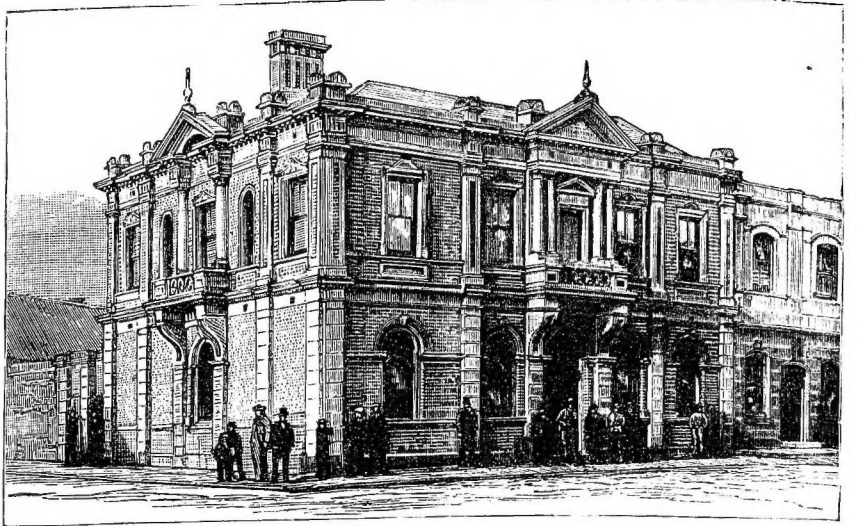


A PRESENTATION AT THE DRAWING ROOM ATTENDING the Queen's Drawing Room is an ordeal which debutantes alike dread and enjoy. The satisfaction of entering Society and wearing a most fascinating toilette is counterbalanced by the nervousness felt at appearing before the Queen and running the gauntlet of so many critical eyes. The English practice of holding Drawing Rooms in the day time, in opposition to the foreign custom of evening Court receptions, is also somewhat trying, for full dress in daylight is never so effective. The *débutante* begins her day by dressing at an unpleasantly early hour, and after passing under the review of her friends and relatives, is obliged to start early for the Palace, probably by noon, although the Drawing Room does not begin till three. Then follows a long wait in the ranks, where friends and a mixed crowd furnish fresh criticisms, and finally another wait in the corridor at Buckingham Palace until the doors are opened of the apartment leading to the Presence Chamber. Aristocratic ladies crush and press vigorously to obtain an early place, lest they should be too late to see the Queen herself, and at last the door is reached, the *débutante's* train is spread out by the attendants, her name is announced, and she finds herself before the Royal party. It is only a hasty glimpse before she has kissed the Queen's hand, made her curtsies to the Royal Family, and passed on, to find another attendant flinging her train over her arm, and herself duly "presented." The ordeal is over. The *débutante* is a full-fledged member of Society, and only the pleasure remains of driving off to some "drawing room tea," and exhibiting her glory to an admiring audience.

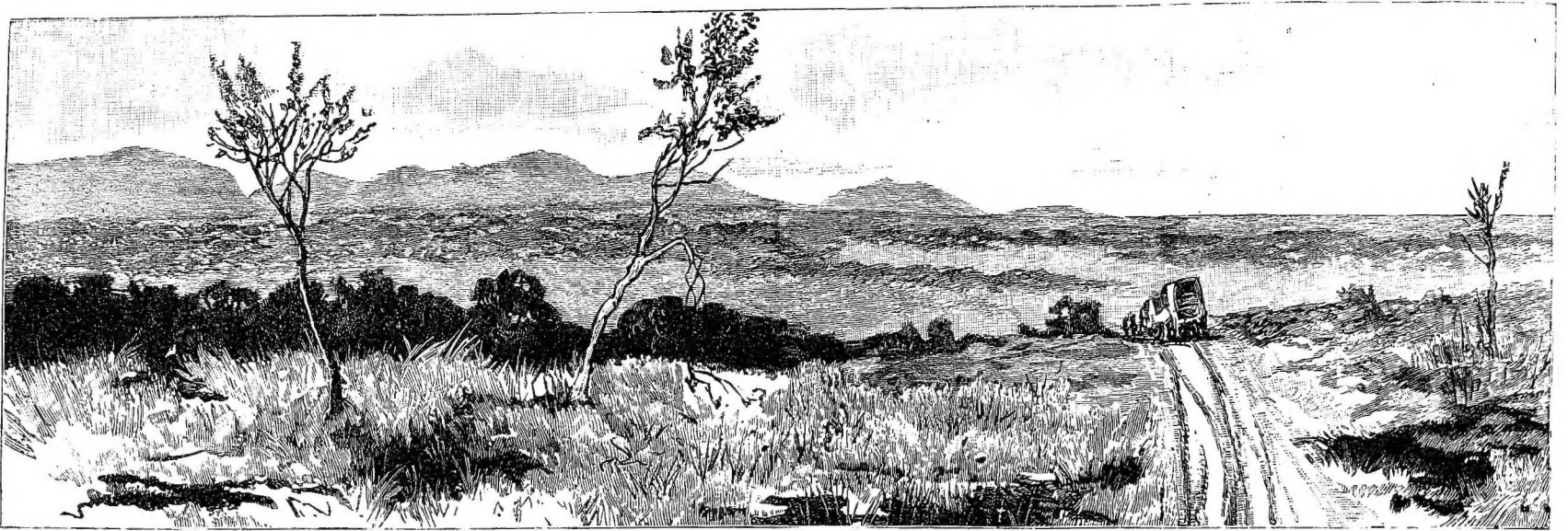
We doubt whether the lady presented could describe her own presentation. Would she remember the carriages in the Mall, the



THE BANK OF AFRICA, JOHANNESBURG, AS IT WAS IN 1887

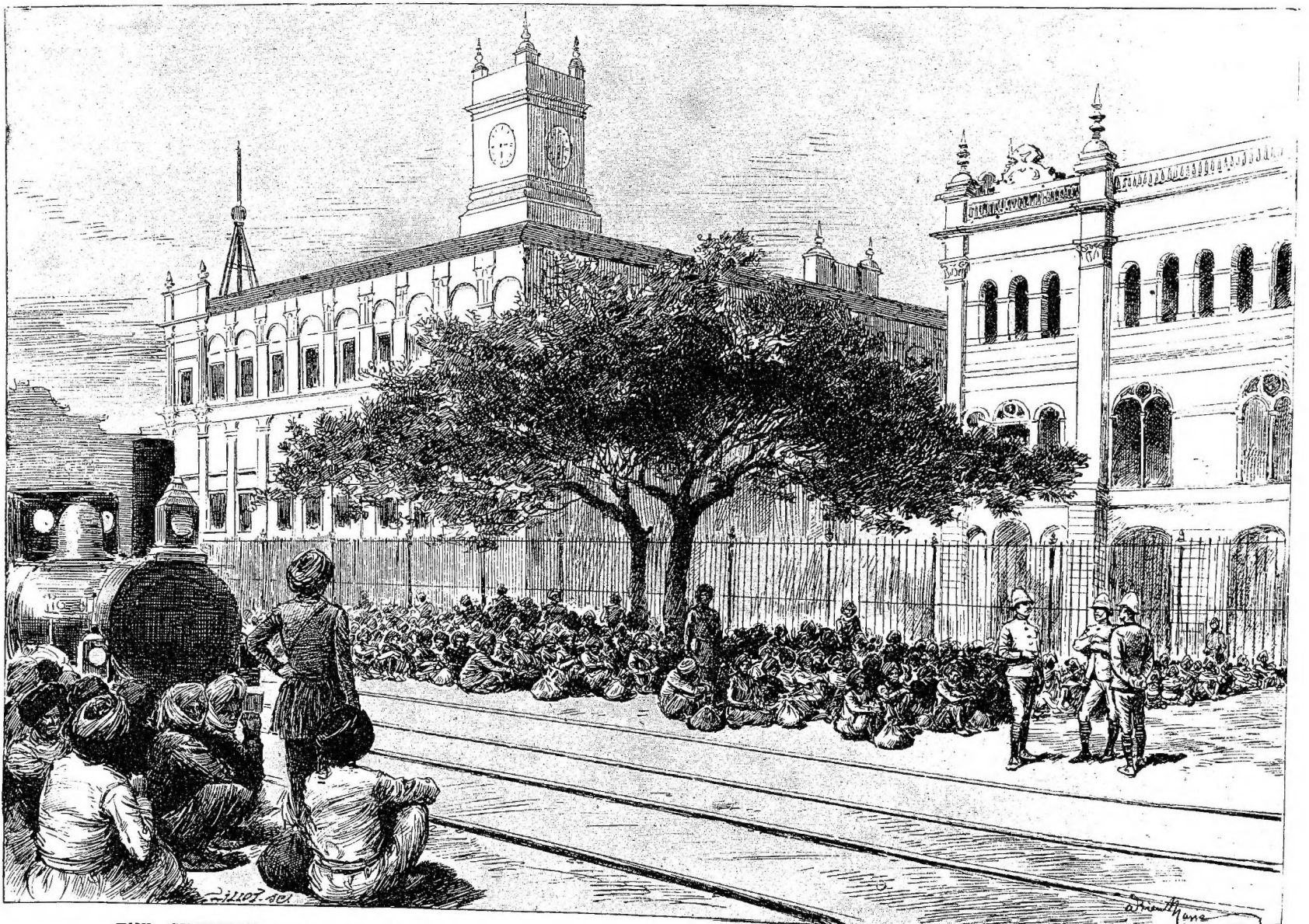


THE BANK OF AFRICA, JOHANNESBURG, AS IT IS IN 1890

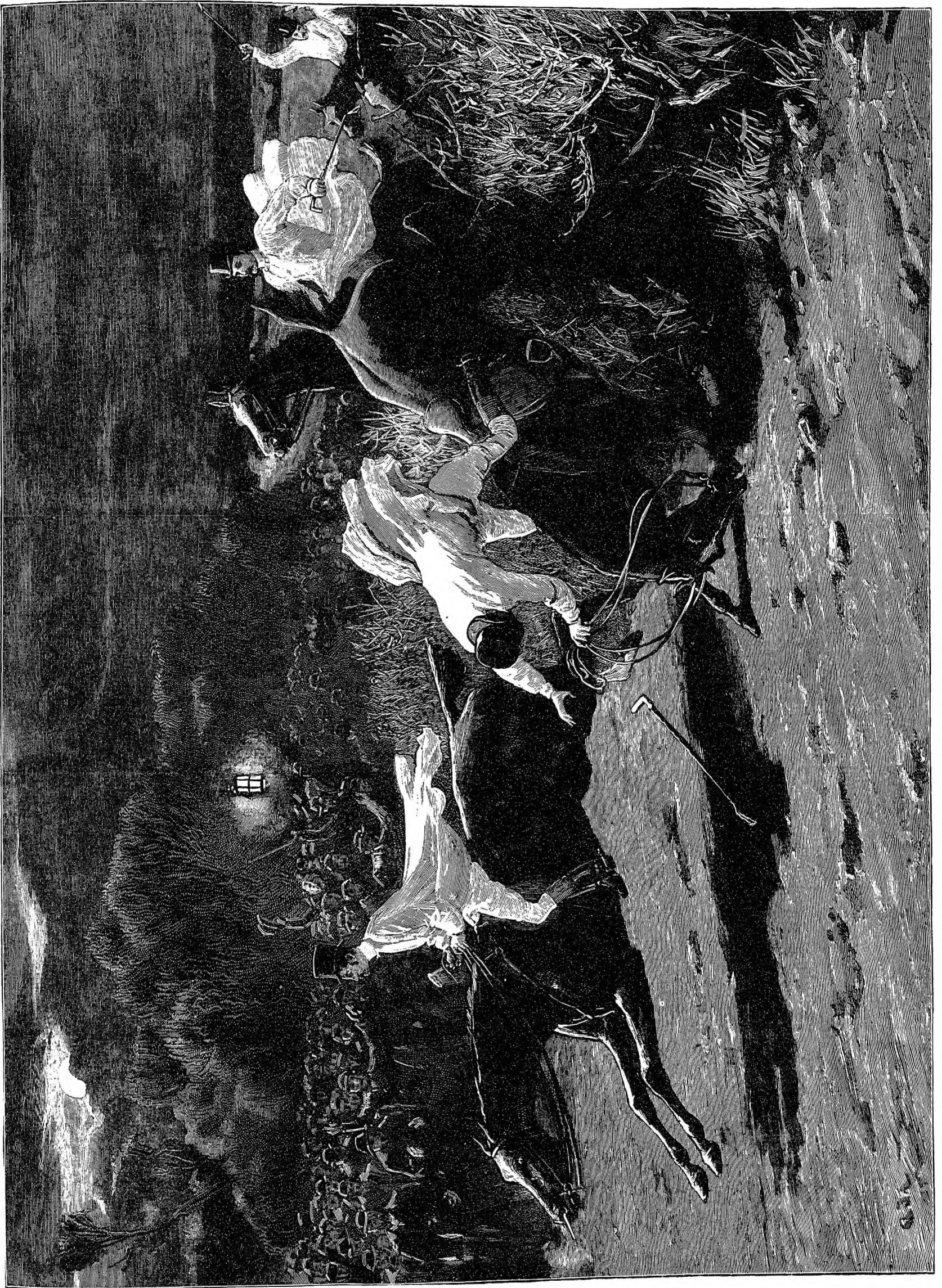


SPRINGBOK FLATS, ZOUTSPANSBERG

ON THE WAY TO THE TRANSVAAL GOLD FIELDS



THE CHIN-LUSHAI EXPEDITION—THE MEEAN MIR COOLIE CORPS AT CALCUTTA WAITING TO BE SHIPPED

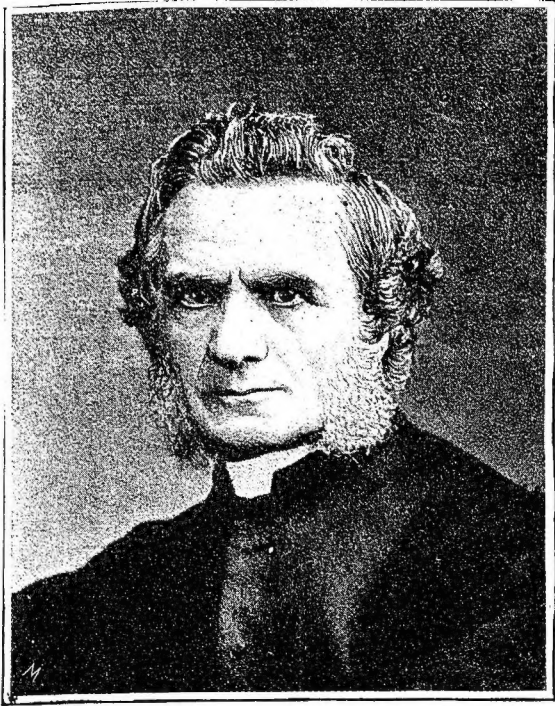


THE MIDNIGHT STEEPLECHASE NEAR MELTON MOWBRAY—THE FINISH

Westminster Volunteer Rifles (which regiment also furnished the guard of honour under Major Payne) announced the arrival of the Royal party, which consisted of the Prince and Princess and the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, at the marquee which had been erected. Bouquets were presented to the Princesses by the two little daughters of the Rev. J. F. Kitto, Vicar of the parish who then, after a hymn had been sung and prayers read by the Bishop of London, presented an Address of welcome. Next the Prince took the trowel in hand, and "well and truly laid" the stone; and then, after a speech by Mr. W. H. Smith, proceeded to the temporary premises of the Free Library (which already contained 6,000 volumes), and placed a memorial tablet in position. After this the proceedings terminated, and the Royal party drove away amid the cheers of the large crowd which had assembled to witness the ceremony.



THE APPOINTMENT of Canon Westcott, whose portrait we give below, as successor to Dr. Lightfoot in the See of Durham has been received by Churchmen of very different schools of opinion with a cordial agreement which bears ample testimony to the judgment shown in the selection. The new Bishop of Durham, who is now sixty-five, after a distinguished career at Cambridge, where he was elected a Fellow of Trinity, b. came, and for sixteen years remained, an Assistant Master at Harrow. The ability and scholarship displayed in his writings, especially in his "Introduction to the Study of the Gospels," led to his appointment, in 1878, to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge. Dr. Westcott co-operated with Dr. Hort in the production of a well-known



THE RIGHT REV. BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D.
Bishop Designate of Durham

edition of the Greek New Testament, and he was a member of the New Testament Company of the revisers of the authorized version of the Bible. The latest of his published writings, issued quite recently, is entitled "From Strength to Strength. Three Sermons on Stages in a Consecrated Life," the first of which was preached at Bishop Lightfoot's consecration, the second when the Bishop had returned, seemingly convalescent, to his Diocese, and the third, the most interesting of all, on the death of his friend, and, as it now proves, his predecessor in the See of Durham.

THE DEATH, in his seventy-first year, is announced of the Rev. Dr. George Butler, Canon of Winchester, son of the late Dean of Peterborough (who was previously Head Master of Harrow), brother of the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and husband of Mrs. Josephine Butler. Dr. Butler had been Vice-Principal of Cheltenham College from 1859 to 1865, Principal of Liverpool College from 1866 to 1882, and was Examiner for the East India Company's Civil Service when, in 1856, he was appointed, through Mr. Gladstone, to a Canonry in Winchester Cathedral. He published several volumes of Sermons and Family Prayers, and a work on the Principles of Imitative Art, besides editing the Public Schools Atlases of Ancient and Modern Geography.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY has been made in Canterbury Cathedral by the opening of a tomb which had long been called after Archbishop Theobald, who preceded Thomas à Becket in the Primacy, and who died in 1160. On the coffin-lid being raised, there were found what are described as "the undisturbed remains of an ancient archbishop," the shape of the nose and chin being quite distinct, and the vestments, with the exception of the woollen pallium, being quite sound. According to Father Morris, of the Society of Jesus, who, as a biographer of Thomas à Becket, was invited by the Cathedral authorities to inspect them, the remains must be those either of Hubert Walter, who died in 1205, or of the great and famous Churchman Cardinal Stephen Langton.

MANSFIELD COLLEGE, OXFORD, recently established for the benefit of Nonconformist students, is evidently regarded with very friendly feelings by men of "light and leading" at the University. Some 200 volumes from the library of the late Dr. Hatch have been presented to it, as a memorial of that eminent scholar, and of the goodwill which he bore to Mansfield College.



IN the House of Commons on Tuesday night, Mr. Smith let fall a chance expression which seems to indicate that the present Government, which has already made its term of office memorable by drastic reform of Parliamentary Procedure, may crown the edifice by altering the time at which the Parliamentary session is held. Replying to questions put to him from his own side of the House, Mr. Smith frankly recognised the strong feeling existing in favour of early prorogation. Whilst shrinking from giving a definite engagement, he informed the House that the Government were carefully considering the matter, and he hoped it might be possible to make a proposal either for the appointment of a Committee or for some definite scheme designed to secure the prorogation's taking place in the month of July.

It is to Sir George Trevelyan that the credit belongs of bringing this question to the fore. Favoured by fortune, he on Friday last was privileged to submit the problem in a remarkable speech, equally blending argument and literary grace. Sir George very warily approached the subject. What every one is agreed upon is that it is alike foolish and undesirable for the House of Commons to remain at work all through the summer months, precluding the possibility of legislators making holiday in seasonable weather. It

was not always so. Even so recently as the period when George the Third was King the House used to meet in November, sitting up to June, with a reasonable recess at Christmas. After a while change was, by accident, introduced, till insensibly Parliament fell into the habit, which now prevails, of meeting in February and sitting all through the summer. Within the memory of many men who hold seats in the present Parliament, this tribulation was tempered by the resolution to prorogue before the 12th of August. Up to the session of 1874, and spasmodically for a year or two later, it was regarded as sacrilege for the House to be sitting on the 12th of August. But the birth of the Home Rule party changed that, as it altered much else. The very fact that a considerable portion of the English members were anxious to get away by the 12th of August was a special inducement to the Irishmen to prevent the prorogation taking place till after that date, the later the more aggravating. The charmed circle once broken, Parliament went on sitting till, of late years, September has been close at hand when the prorogation has taken place, and all the more accessible holiday haunts are closed by stress of weather.

It may happen in this particular case, as it has befallen in others, that the evil lamented may work its own cure. Were it not for the Irish members and their obstructive tactics the House of Commons would at this day have been meeting at half-past four and sitting till whatever hour of the night it might please a pragmatical person to keep it at it. For years this burden was borne, the House shrinking from the supposed impossibility of so ordering its business that on the stroke of midnight it should begin to wind it up. When things got to the worst they suddenly mended. The Government plucked up courage to introduce a radical and drastic reform of the hours of business, and after a little more than two years' experience wild horses could not drag the House of Commons back to its habit so timidly abandoned.

To decree that the Prorogation shall take place at some definite date in the middle of July is certainly not more audacious or impracticable than it appeared, only three years ago, to contemplate the automatic closing of debate at midnight. Yet the reform has worked admirably, adding years to the lives of public men, and rather expediting than handicapping the progress of public business. One other step remains to be taken, and the success which attended on Sir George Trevelyan's speech on Friday promises its early accomplishment. Sir George, in submitting his resolution, did not go beyond the general declaration that it was desirable the House should rise towards the end of June, taking out of the winter months whatever additional time was necessary for the despatch of public business. He left it to the combined wisdom of the House to settle the details. Nevertheless, in his speech he contemplated the necessity of the Session actually beginning in November, as it did in Bolingbroke's time, and going through the new year to June, with a month's recess at Christmas. General opinion in the House is very clearly against anything that would look like an Autumn Session, and the arrangement that will most probably be come to will be that the House shall meet in the second week of January, the Prorogation taking place in the second or third week in July. This will allow for the Session precisely the same term of sitting as now exists, and will secure for legislators a summer holiday with the least possible disturbance of arrangements. One anachronism plainly doomed by the course of Friday's debate is the debate on the Address, the abolition of which has been persistently advocated in this column through a period of ten years.

Up to the present time, within measurable distance of the Easter Recess, the Government have not found an opportunity of making progress with any of the measures that principally figure in their programme. What with the debate on the Address, followed by the prolonged wrangle round the Report of the Parnell Commission, they found themselves this week landed in a position wherein the necessities of Supply became urgent. The financial year closes on the 31st inst., and it is absolutely imperative that certain votes should be taken to close the account, and to carry on the affairs of the great spending Departments. On Monday a slice of good luck befell the First Lord of the Admiralty. The House got into Supply early, and before eleven o'clock every vote of which notice had been given was agreed to, and it is well known that Ministers always ask for a great deal more than they expect to get. One fact conducive to this happy state of things was that Monday was St. Patrick's Day. The Irish members were dining together at the Cannon Street Hotel, and Mr. Labouchere was calling Mr. Chamberlain names down at Birmingham. At one time in the dinner hour Lord George Hamilton was on his feet delivering an elaborate speech in the hearing of ten members. A count being moved gave the First Lord an opportunity to reflect on his opportunities. If he sacrificed his speech he would get some votes, and as the main object of a speech is to get votes they may as well be gained in one way as another. Accordingly, when the House had been counted, and members had marched out again, Lord George pocketed the remainder of his speech, the votes were moved in rapid succession, and passed in battalions.

On Tuesday night the Government suffered another defeat, the first having taken place a few days earlier on Sir E. Hamley's motion to make the national exchequer responsible for the equipment of the Volunteer Service. On Tuesday the Government stumbled over an amendment moved by Mr. Buchanan, declaring that the duty of maintaining and protecting the rights of way in Scotland should be entrusted to the County Councils. The Lord-Advocate opposed this, and the Government were defeated by 110 votes against 97, not a serious matter, but not a soothing one, coming so quickly in succession on the earlier disaster. Wednesday afternoon was usefully employed in discussion of a Bankruptcy Bill introduced by Sir Albert Rollit, and on Thursday the House was once more occupied in Committee of Supply. To day (Friday) the Lords took their turn in discussion on the Report of the Parnell Commission.



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's attack on the Government in the House of Commons last week has been strongly disapproved of by his Conservative admirers throughout the country, and particularly and formally by his Conservative constituents in South Paddington. Lord Randolph acknowledging, in a rather jaunty letter, the receipt of the resolution, refers sarcastically to the "prudence" with which his constituents have abstained from pronouncing his action either right or wrong. Under the circumstances he does not think it necessary for him to "inflict on the borough the trouble and anxiety of a Parliamentary election."

THE GREAT STRIKE IN THE COAL TRADE.—The colliers having declined to accept the arbitration offered them by the mine-owners, to be based upon an inspection of the books of the latter, the Federated Owners in their turn declined the compromise offered by the men, an immediate advance in wages of 5 per cent., to be followed by a similar advance in July. At the same time the Federation of Owners announced their readiness to empower a Committee of their body to meet a Committee of miners' representatives this week, in the hope, not only of effecting an amicable settlement of

the actual dispute, but of ascertaining whether some method of regulating wages cannot be arrived at so as to prevent the recurrence of a disastrous crisis like the present. The result of the conference will not be known until after we have gone to press. Meanwhile, thousands upon thousands of colliers in the mining and manufacturing districts have ceased to work, a catastrophe enforcing idleness on the operatives of many textile factories and workers in the iron industry; a number of rolling-mills in Sheffield, for instance, having suspended operations from want of fuel. The demands of the men seem to have been acceded to in North Staffordshire and in the Bristol district, as well as in a majority of cases in Nottinghamshire, and by a few of the smaller coal-owners in Lancashire.

MR. H. M. STANLEY has intimated to the Royal Geographical Society that he expects to reach London about April 25th, and the Society have arranged, subject to his approval, for their reception of him, at the Albert Hall, on May 5th.

IN A LETTER to Sir William Savory from the anonymous donor of 100,000*l.* to establish a "Hospital Convalescent Home" for the reception of patients from London Hospitals (referred to some time ago in this column), he announces a donation of 50,000*l.* for the same object from "a generous friend," who also wished his name not to be known. As 300,000*l.* or 400,000*l.* are required for the adequate execution of this benevolent scheme, the first donor expresses a hope that the example of his friend may be followed by some of our wealthy capitalists, and perhaps of the leading City companies. Arrangements have just been made provisionally to purchase an eligible property, seventeen miles from London, for the purposes of the new and beneficent institution.

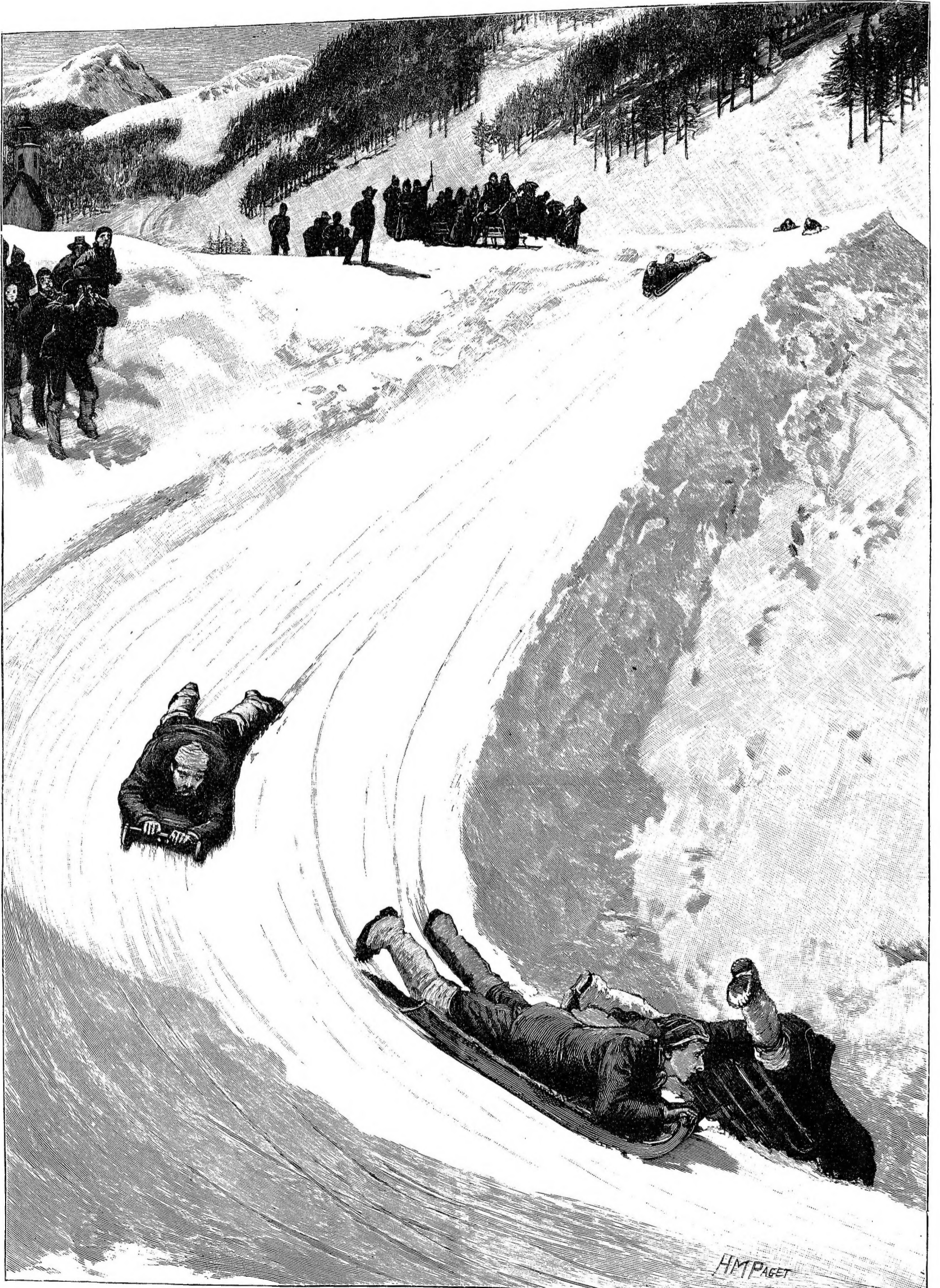
THE DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOWARD ELPHINSTONE, Treasurer and Comptroller of the Household of the Duke of Connaught, whose portrait we subjoin, occurred under very melancholy circumstances. With Lady Elphinstone and one of their daughters, he was on his way, in the steamer *Tongariro*, to Tenerife, partly for the benefit of his health, partly to visit another daughter who had preceded him to that rising health resort. On the night of Saturday, the 8th inst., doubtless in a gale, he was swept overboard and drowned. The news of his sad and sudden decease, at the comparatively early age of fifty-nine, was received at home with great and general regret. In this the Queen



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HOWARD ELPHINSTONE, V.C., K.C.B., G.C.M.G.
Born December, 1830. Drowned at sea, March 8, 1890

and Royal Family participated, and a touching expression was given to it in the *Court Circular*. Sir Howard only took leave of Her Majesty on the morning of the 7th inst., saying that he would return to England in four weeks. His military record was a distinguished one. At eighteen he received a commission in the Royal Engineers, in which corps he was a second captain when he was wounded at the siege of Sebastopol, and decorated, for conspicuous gallantry, with the Victoria Cross. He was for a time military *attaché* at Berlin, and since April had been in command of the Western District, where Sunday last was set apart as a day of mourning by both services for one of the brightest ornaments of the army.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his fifty-first year, of Mr. John Rogers Herbert, R.A., the eminent painter; of the Marquis de Rothwell, originally Mr. Richard Rainshaw Rothwell, the owner of large estates in the Bolton District of Lancashire, who, for his active interest in and large pecuniary contributions to the cause of Italian liberty, was created a marquis; in his fifty-ninth year, of Mr. Thomas Gray, Assistant-Secretary of the Board of Trade, Marine Department, which he entered nearly forty years ago as a boy-clerk at 15*s.* a week, and during his subsequent connection with which he took a leading part in the adjustment of all questions affecting the mercantile marine, especially the legislation and administration arising out of Mr. Plimsoll's agitation; in his seventy-second year, of Mr. George T. Jenkins, late Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature in his seventy-third year, of Canon Landon, late fellow of Magdalen College, and Examiner in the Oxford Class Schools, the reputed author of "The Rime of the New-Made Baccalare," the clever academic parody published anonymously some fifty years since, and a near relative of Letitia Elizabeth Landon, the once well-known poetess, the "L. E. L." of more than half-a-century ago; in his eightieth year, of the Rev. Charles P. Meehan, C.C., of Dublin, who was one of the clerical survivors of the Young Ireland party, a contributor to the *Nation*, and who after the outbreak in 1848, and the consequent suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, fled to France to avoid arrest; of Dr. S. M. Schiller-Szinessy, the eminent Hebraist, Reader in Talmudic and Rabbinical literature in the University of Cambridge, of the Hebrew MSS. in the library of which he was making a catalogue; in his fifty-fourth year, of Major-General William S. Bailey, who served with Havelock's Force during the Indian Mutiny, and was severely wounded at Lucknow; of Mr. Hargrave Jennings, for many years secretary to Colonel Mapleson in the management of the Italian Opera, but more widely known by his contributions to the literature of Theosophy and cognate subjects, among which his work on "The Rosicrucians: Their Rites and Mysteries," issued in 1870, has recently reached a third and enlarged edition; and at the age of sixty-eight, in Carmarthen work-house, of Mr. David Thomas, who entered the 4th Light Dragoons in 1843, and took part in the famous Balaclava charge.



TOBOGGANING AT ST. MORITZ, ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

He was accompanied by a tall spare man, little past middle life, who limped slightly in his gait.

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &C.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STRANGE quietude settled down on Douro House when the pupils and teachers had departed, and even the servants had gone away for the holidays. The blinds were drawn down and the furniture was muffled up, and an old woman was installed in the lower regions as caretaker. But Madame Leroux stayed on, nevertheless; and Lucy stayed with her.

The caretaker was a Savoyarde, whose son kept a small eating-house in the Soho district, and she had no acquaintances in the neighbourhood of Douro House. Nor, indeed, was her English sufficiently fluent to enable her to indulge in much gossip, had she been inclined for it.

"When I stay in town *incog.*," Madame Leroux would say to her confidential friends, "I take good care to have no chattering Mary Ann's or Betsy Jane's on the premises. English servants are all spies; some fools; some knaves; and many all three!"

On the first evening of the holidays, Madame Leroux informed Lucy that she had a private box at the theatre, and asked if she would like to accompany her to the play. Lucy gratefully accepted the offer, and ran to change her dress with some eager anticipations of pleasure. Her experiences of the drama had been confined to seeing a pantomime at S— once or twice, when she and Mildred were children, and had been taken by Lady Jane to spend a week

at Christmas in the county town. But she had never been inside a London theatre, and the play to be performed to-night was one which had greatly taken the taste of the town; and the manager was keeping his theatre open beyond the usual season in order not to interrupt its successful run.

She, therefore, came downstairs prepared for enjoyment. But she was greatly taken aback to find that instead of leaving the house by the usual egress, they were to slip out secretly at a back door, which led to some mews, where a hired carriage was awaiting them. As Lucy hesitated a moment on being told to step out at the back door, Madame Leroux said—

"It is a warm night; you are not afraid of walking a few yards bare-headed, are you?"

"Oh, no," answered Lucy, moving quickly forward. But Madame, glancing at her face, saw an expression there which displeased her; and when they were seated in the carriage, she said—

"You look quite tragical, Miss Smith! Might I inquire what is the matter?"

"I did not mean to look tragical," answered Lucy, considerably embarrassed.

"Shocked then, or whatever you like to call it."

"Only surprised."

"Did you imagine I should advertise my presence in town by

getting into a carriage at my own door in broad daylight? There are neighbours! I have told every one that I was going abroad."

"Have you?" said Lucy, looking up at her innocently.

"Yes; and you will please remember that, for every one connected with the school, I *am* abroad; and you are staying with some friends. I don't know that any questions will be asked; but if any should be, you will know what to say. Do you understand me?" added Madame, impatiently. "You look as if you were dreaming."

"Yes, I understand," answered Lucy, in a low voice.

"And, moreover, whatever amusements I allow you to share in with me during the vacation, you will enjoy on condition that you hold your tongue about them. I should not venture on appearing at the theatre to-night only that hardly any of my *clientele* are in town now; and most of them would swear they were not, anyway. Philistines, prigs, and puritans are bores; but, unfortunately, they are my best-paying customers! I'm sure you are intelligent enough to perceive that a certain amount of tact and discretion is necessary in dealing with people of that sort, *hein?*" Then, as Lucy did not answer, but merely bent her head submissively, Madame continued, in a much harder tone, "At all events, if you do not perceive it, Mrs. Hawkins has given me a wrong impression of you altogether."

Lucy's rising spirits were effectually checked, and she remained pale and silent for the rest of the evening.

Madame Leroux, on the contrary, threw off the little cloud of annoyance in a very few minutes. She held a sort of *levée* in the private box, where she sat so as to be almost hidden from the audience. Several men lounged in and out, in a free-and-easy sort of fashion, and stood talking to her between the acts. Most of them were foreigners. One or two of them looked at Lucy curiously; but no one was introduced to her, and no one addressed her. She was conscious, however, in more than one instance, that they were speaking of her—questioning Madame Leroux about her. There was one stout, dark, oily-faced man, with huge diamond studs—or what looked like diamonds—in his shirt front, whose observation was particularly disagreeable to her. And altogether she felt thoroughly ill at ease.

All at once she recognised a voice behind her, and turned round, almost eagerly, to salute Mr. Frampton Fennell, who had entered the box, and was giving Madame Leroux and the others the advantage of his criticism on the play.

"Oh!—a—Miss—a—"

"Smith."

"Exactly! How d'ye do, Miss Smith? I was just saying that when you find a production like *this* running to crowded audiences for more than five hundred consecutive nights, you have a pretty fair plummet to sound the depth of degradation to which the drama—in common with literature generally, and the fine arts—has fallen in England."

Mr. Fennell expressed no surprise at seeing Lucy there. He had an agreeable, though vague, recollection of Miss Smith as a good listener; and if a young woman satisfactorily fulfilled that important function of her being, all details as to who and what she was and where she came from became superfluous and uninteresting.

For her part, Lucy felt more satisfaction at beholding Mr. Frampton Fennell than she would have believed possible a very short time ago. He was supercilious, he was vain, he was censorious, he was—the inexperienced country-bred young lady presumed to think—ridiculous. But he was a sort of link with some people who knew her. And in his manner of looking at and speaking to her, there was no trace of the disrespect subtly conveyed by the looks and manner of some of Madame Leroux's visitors. It was disrespect of a kind to which Lucy had never been exposed in her life, but which she instantly recognised, with a burning feeling of shame and indignation. On such points the instincts of the most inexperienced purity are very sensitive, and the innocence which is insensible to a taint in the moral atmosphere is likely to be but skin deep.

It was well, perhaps, that Mr. Fennell's peculiar form of vanity did not include any exaggerated estimate of his personal attractions; for Lucy's satisfaction at beholding his scrubby little red moustache, disdainful nose, and insecure eyeglass, was ingenuously expressed in her countenance.

Presently it appeared that a discussion was going on between Madame Leroux and a group of the men as to a supper to be eaten at a restaurant after the play. "Oh, you *must* come," said the dark, oily-faced man, speaking in French. "It's all arranged. And your little friend will come too," he added, with a familiar nod in the "little friend's" direction.

Lucy shrank back from the speaker, and, drawing herself as near as possible to Madame Leroux, said hurriedly, "No! Please, no! I will return home. Let me go home."

Madame looked thoroughly annoyed. "What is the matter with you?" she said sharply. Then, almost in a whisper, "You are making yourself absurd by these *sinagres*."

"I—I don't think it would be fitting for me. I *cannot* go to supper with all these strangers. Pray let me go home!" returned Lucy, in considerable agitation.

"You will go where I go, mademoiselle; unless you intend to walk to Kensington alone at midnight. Upon my word! 'Not fitting for you!' Trust an ingenuous *jeune meesse* to scent out impropriety, where persons who know the world perceive none!" Madame spoke in a low tone, between her set teeth, and her eyes sparkled with anger.

Lucy felt the taunt as only a delicate-minded girl could feel it, to whom the accusation of mock-modesty was about as offensive a one as could be made. She was helpless to resist her employer's will. It was clearly impossible for her to reach Douro House alone. She had not even money in her pocket to pay for a conveyance, supposing she were permitted to take one. She called all her dignity to her aid, and made no further appeal; but her heart was very hot within her. It was some comfort to her to find that Mr. Fennell was to be of the party; for, although she was scarcely conscious of it, she instinctively relied more on his protection than on that of Madame Leroux.

When the play was over, Madame draped herself in her rich opera-cloak, muffled her head in a very becoming lace scarf, and left the box on Mr. Fennell's arm, leaving Lucy to come after as best she might. Nervously fearful lest the obnoxious oily-faced man should attempt to escort her, the girl wrapped her arms tightly in her cloak, and followed them. In her trepidation she pressed so closely on Madame as to tread on the hem of her dress, thereby earning an impatient frown, bestowed over Madame's shoulder, and the very audible exclamation, "*Dieu! Quelle est bête! C'est insupportable!*"

As they stood in the midst of a little group of men in the entrance of the theatre, awaiting the carriage which had brought them there, the occupants of other parts of the theatre kept crowding out and streaming past them. Lucy uttered an exclamation on seeing the dark, mobile face of Zephany, looking as strange and exotic amid the British physiognomies around him as a palm-tree might look in an oak-wood.

He turned sharply on hearing her voice, and approached her. "You here, mademoiselle!" he said, shaking hands with her. Then he saluted Madame Leroux with a deep bow, and a bright, half-jesting smile, saying, "I see, madame, you have brought our young friend to enjoy the comedy. That was kind."

"And stupid; like a great many other kind things," she answered, drily. "It is a mistake to have brought her."

Zephany drew nearer, and evidently asked some questions, to which Madame volubly replied; but their words did not reach Lucy's ears. She saw Zephany glance, with his peculiar quickness and keenness of eye, at the men standing near him. Then he advanced to where she stood, took her hand, and placed it firmly under his arm.

"You are tired, mademoiselle, and would prefer to go home at once. I shall put you into a cab, and, if you will allow me, I shall have the honour of seeing you safe home."

"Oh, thank you!" began Lucy, eagerly. But then remembering her penniless condition, she hesitated, and said, "But I don't know if—I'm afraid—"

Zephany cut her short without ceremony. "I have arranged it all with Madame Leroux," he said. "Come along. If you do not fear to walk a few steps, we shall find a cab at the corner of the next street."

She obeyed him unhesitatingly. As they left the portico of the theatre, she caught sight of Madame Leroux getting into her brougham, accompanied by Mr. Frampton Fennell; while the oily-faced man stood on the kerbstone, and called out,

"I say, Fennell! I'm going to hail a hansom, and shall probably be there as soon as you. But if you arrive first, the supper is ordered in my name. The waiter knows all about it."

Lucy felt herself to be trembling, and unnerved, now that the strain was over. But Zephany, as they walked along, kept talking

to her in an easy, indifferent, commonplace tone, in order to give her time to recover herself.

"I did not see you in the theatre," he said. "I think I must have been sitting above your box. Yours was on the lowest tier, eh? Yes; that must have been it. I was with an interesting sort of man, too. A man who has been away from England nearly twenty years I think, in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. He brought me a letter from a relative of mine in Gibraltar. A very pleasant, bright fellow is Rushmere. Oh, here is one. Four-pleaser! Allow me, mademoiselle; with your permission I will wheeler! Allow me, mademoiselle; with your permission I will light my cigar on the box."

And after placing her in the vehicle, he clambered up to the seat beside the driver, leaving her to occupy the interior alone; an act of thoughtful delicacy which Lucy felt to be not the least of her obligations to him.

All difficulties were not quite at an end when they reached Douro House; for old Jeanne paid no heed to repeated peals at the bell. However, she finally stumbled up the kitchen-stairs, muffled in a mangy-looking old shawl, and with a coloured cotton handkerchief knotted round her head, and grumblingly withdrew the bolts.

"Where was madame?" she inquired. "Madame had her key. Why did people come home at that hour without a key?"

But in a minute or two, having lighted Lucy's candle at the flaring one she carried in her hand, she plunged down to the kitchen again, and left the young lady to fasten the door as she could.

Zephany took leave of Lucy on the threshold, having ascertained that she was able to replace the bolt, which moved easily.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said, holding out her hand to him.

"To thank me! For what? That is nonsense. Good night, mademoiselle. I shall tell Fatima to come and pay you a visit. You are lonely. You will like to see Fatima. Say not another word of thanks. It is nonsense. Good-night, good-night!"

After that night a new and singular kind of existence began for Lucy. Hour after hour she passed absolutely alone, old Jeanne in the kitchen being the only other denizen of the house. Sometimes she would not see Madame Leroux the whole day long. Madame would have a cup of coffee carried up to her room by Jeanne at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning; after which she would go out, and return no more until long after Lucy was in bed.

Sometimes Lucy would fancy that she heard voices in the house late at night; and once she was so nervous and uneasy that she stole out of her little chamber and listened on the staircase. On that occasion she was sure that she heard Madame Leroux speaking, and more than one voice replying to her. That reassured her, at all events, as to the dread of robbers, which had haunted her mind as she lay wakeful in the deserted house, burglars not being in the habit of holding animated conversations with the owners of the dwellings which they visit professionally. But it was all very strange and disquieting.

Moreover, her intercourse with Madame Leroux became painful to her. Madame was not harsh or sullen in manner; but she treated Lucy with a disdainful kind of carelessness—tossing her aside, so to say, as one might do with a fruit whose flavour had been found disappointing. She made no allusion to the evening at the theatre, nor did she ever again invite the girl to accompany her abroad.

For days Lucy did not cross the threshold of the school. She was at liberty to do so—being, indeed, left altogether to her own devices; but she was timid of venturing out alone. After a time, however, the monotony and solitude of her life, and the longing for fresh air, became so unendurable, that she took courage to walk as far as Kensington Gardens, which were at no great distance from Douro House. She kept near to the groups of nursemaids and children who were plentifully scattered about there; and would sit watching the little ones, and listening to their prattle with a strange feeling, as though she were a ghost revisiting a world in which she had no longer any part.

At first she was fearful of encountering some of Madame's friends. And more than once she started up from the bench where she was sitting, and walked away hurriedly, under the impression that she saw the stout, oily-faced man approaching, he being of a type and style commonly enough met with in London. But it always proved to be a false alarm. And, thanks, perhaps, to her precaution of placing herself near to family groups so as to seem as if she belonged to one or other of them, she was never accosted or molested in any way. She might almost, indeed, have been an invisible spirit, for all the heed that was taken of her.

One afternoon, however, as she was listlessly strolling homeward in the wake of a family procession, she met Zephany. He was accompanied by a tall, spare man, little past middle life, who limped slightly in his gait; but who, nevertheless, had something unmistakably soldierly in his bearing, and whom Zephany presented to her as Mr. Rushmere.

Lucy looked at him with quick interest, for she remembered that Rushmere was the name of the man whom Miss Feltham had mentioned when talking of Lady Charlotte Gaunt's younger days. The face she saw attracted her at once. It was not a distinctly handsome face; but there was a mixture of strength and gentleness in its expression, and a frank sincerity in the dark, hazel eyes, which invited confidence. His hair was grizzled, but very abundant, and naturally wavy. He was sunburnt and weather-beaten, and looked, Lucy thought, like a man who had known hardship.

She wondered, during the second in which he was raising his hat to her, whether this could really be the same man whom Miss Feltham had spoken of. It seemed very difficult to her eighteen-years-old imagination to picture him and Lady Charlotte as lovers. But she decided in her own mind that it was well he had not married her ladyship, who, Lucy felt sure, would not have made him happy!

Mr. Rushmere, all unconscious of the young lady's approval of his destiny in this respect, walked on quietly beside Zephany, while Lucy questioned the latter about the Hawkins's, and asked why Fatima had never come to see her.

"Oh, Mademoiselle, you know the *ménage*. Fatima is not always at liberty to do as she would. And then, the whole family is so sure that whatever they desire will infallibly happen the day after to-morrow that it scarcely seems worth while for any of them to make any particular effort to-day! But why should you not come and see Fatima? You could get leave, I presume?"

"I think I might go wherever I pleased; nobody would care," answered Lucy, with more despondency than bitterness.

"It is settled then. Fatima and I will come over by the Underground Railway, and fetch you. I am busy just now, so it must be Sunday. On Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, expect us," said Zephany, with his usual prompt decision.

Then he offered to accompany Lucy to the door of Douro House. But she assured him that she had no fear of walking that short distance alone; and tripped away, cheered by the sight of a friendly face, and even by the prospect of a visit to that dingy house in Great Portland Street, which had seemed so dreary to her a few short weeks ago.

"That's an interesting-looking girl," said Mr. Rushmere, as the two men proceeded on their way across Kensington Gardens, together. Upon which, Zephany broke into a warm eulogium of Miss Lucy Smith; and expressed a good deal of sympathy for her forlorn position. "She is a very sweet young creature," he said, "I wish she were in better hands."

"How's that?"

Then Zephany related what little he knew of Lucy's history, including the adventure at the theatre, and gave a vivid sketch of Madame Leroux, in which he certainly "set down naught in malice," and rendered full justice to Madame's beauty, accomplishments, and *esprit*.

"I'll be! All the same, your friend seems rather to have mistaken her vocation," observed Rushmere, drily. "What on earth could have induced such a woman to set up as a schoolmistress?"

CHAPTER XX.

BEFORE the next Sunday Lucy received an unexpected letter. It was dated from Ravenshaw, in Cumberland, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR MISS LUCY SMITH,

"I hope you will forgive the liberty I take in writing to you, but when I had the honour" (*happiness* had been written first, but scratched out, and *honour* substituted) "of seeing you at Westfield, you seemed to be interested in the house called Libburn Farm, which you mentioned was your birthplace. I don't know whether you can call to mind a conversation I had with you at old Mr. Jackson's, and another at Dr. Goodchild's, the afternoon before you went away. But, at any rate, I thought you might be pleased to hear what I could tell you about it, as it is a place where few strangers come, and you wouldn't be likely to have many chances of hearing it.

"Being at home for three weeks, I took the opportunity of strolling over to the place. I used to fish in the burn there when I was a boy; but I can't say I ever caught much, though there is good trout-fishing three miles lower down, where the stream makes a bit of a fall, with some rocks, and one or two deep, still pools. But of course you can't care for all that. The house is stone-built, and roomy enough. It has a thatched roof, and a little flower-garden running right down to the stream, and, being in a hollow, it is pretty well sheltered from the wind. The people who had the place when you were born are gone. The old man died five years ago, but his widow is living, and has removed over to Carlisle, where she has a daughter. Libburn Farm is in the occupation of a man who knows nothing about Mrs. Smith.

"But my mother minds seeing her. She didn't like folks to stare at her (Mrs. Smith, I mean), being in deep trouble; and she always wore a thick black veil when she went out, though she might have walked miles on the fell-side without meeting any living thing but the sheep. But my mother saw her twice in Mrs. Ellergarth's parlour. She was a very handsome lady, and had a way with her as if she had been used to everything much better than she found at Libburn Farm; though old Mrs. Ellergarth was a very decent body, and used to have families out from Carlisle to board and lodge in the summer-time. But when Mrs. Smith was there it was well on in the autumn—fine, clear weather, but the cold was rather sharp, and came early. My mother minds it all very well.

"For a long time she kept between the leaves of a book a bit out of a newspaper describing the shipwreck where Mr. Josiah Smith, second in command on board the *Siren*, a large trading-vessel bound for Australia from the Port of London, lost his life, with nearly all hands. Mrs. Smith gave the paper to Mrs. Ellergarth to read all about her late husband, and Mrs. Ellergarth cut the piece out and gave it to my mother. I am sorry to say it has got lost in course of time, otherwise I would have forwarded it. But my mother is clear about the name of the ship, and Mr. Josiah Smith.

"If ever you found yourself in the neighbourhood, mother and father would be proud to see you at Ravenshaw. I hope you will excuse me for troubling you with this long letter. I tried twice to make it shorter, but then I found I left out the chief things I wanted to say; so send off this as it is, though very unworthy your perusal. I thought perhaps you might like to have a blossom or two out of the garden, so I picked this forget-me-not down by the burn.

"Believe me to remain,

"Dear Miss Lucy Smith,

"Yours respectfully,

"EDGAR TOMLINE, JUN.

"P.S.—Mother remembers Mr. and Mrs. Marston coming to Libburn Farm when you were but a baby, and Mrs. Marston taking to you so wonderfully; which doesn't surprise me at all, for I don't see how she could help it.—E. T."

This letter moved Lucy greatly, and gave shape to many indefinite longings and speculations over which she had been brooding in her solitude. The thought of her mother had been haunting her persistently of late. Sometimes the fancy would strike her as she walked along the street, or watched the people moving to and fro in Kensington Gardens, that this or that woman who passed her by as the merest stranger might be the mother who had given her life; and she would turn cold and faint with emotion.

In former days Lucy had almost persuaded herself that her mother must be dead, or she would surely have made some sign in all these years. She would surely have yearned for a sight of her child, and for ocular assurance of its well-being. But of late her mind had busied itself with suggesting excuses and explanations for her mother's long neglect. Who could tell what motives might have guided her?—what necessities might have constrained her? In her loneliness Lucy clung more and more to the belief that her mother was living, and that she might one day be restored to her. She would sit dreaming of such a meeting, and making pictures in her mind, as rose-coloured as the ending to a child's fairy tale: "And so they all lived happy ever after."

But now this letter served to give more definiteness to her dreams, and even to suggest some possibilities of endeavouring to trace her mother; although these were very vague as yet, like shapes flitting dimly through the twilight. Among the other theories which she had imagined to account for her mother's absolute silence and neglect was the supposition that she might be ignorant of the name of the place to which Mr. Marston removed when he gave up his business in Carlisle, and so might not know where to seek her child.

She kissed the faded forget-me-nots gathered at her birthplace, and thought with yearning pity and tenderness of the sorrow-stricken young widow awaiting the birth of her child under such desolate circumstances.

And then, after all these thoughts, she thought a little of Mr. Edgar Tomline; and remarked to herself that it was really very kind of him to have taken all this trouble, and that she had evidently been right in judging him to have a good heart under his rough exterior.

Poor Edgar! He had been tossed by conflicting feelings in composing that letter. He had feared, now that it was too warm, and now that it was too cold. At one time he thought his copiousness would weary Lucy, and at another he was convinced she would find what troubled him most was the postscript. He had said that Mrs. Marston's partiality for Lucy did not surprise him at all, and that he didn't see how she could help it! These seemed, on looking back, to be audaciously bold words. He imagined Lucy's reading them thus or thus; and their making this or that impression on her. But he never imagined their making absolutely no impression at all; which was the cruel fact!

But at any rate, he was, before long, sent into a state of

tumultuous joy and excitement by the receipt of a reply to his epistle, in Lucy's handwriting.

He carried it out on to the fell to read; miles away from any human habitation. The sky was blue; the sun was bright; a lark was trilling and soaring overhead. He cast himself down on the turf, and leaning his elbow on a grassy hillock, prepared to read. But just as his fingers—great, strong fingers, but deft, too, with trained neatness and dexterity of movement—were about to open the envelope, he stopped in a nervous tremor. Suppose she should be angry—offended!

But there was certainly no anger in the lines which met his eyes—nothing but gratitude, and thanks, and, best of all, a request that he would do her a service! Would he, if it were not asking too much, be so very kind as to see Mrs. Ellergarth the next time he happened to be in Carlisle? Lucy wished to know where Mrs. Smith had gone to on first leaving Lliburn Farm after her little daughter's birth, and to what address Mrs. Ellergarth was in the habit of writing in her subsequent communications; and, in short, any particulars about her mother, however trifling.

"I do not know what the distance may be," wrote Lucy, "but I suppose it likely that you occasionally visit Carlisle. If I am wrong, pray excuse me. I will ask you, in any case, to let me have Mrs. Ellergarth's address, as I wish to communicate with her direct. But my communications would, no doubt, be better received if you could be so very good as to pave the way for them by a little explanation as to who I am, and by recalling to Mrs. Ellergarth circumstances and people that she may not remember after all these years with your mother's clearness of mind. Pray give my hearty thanks to Mrs. Tomline for her interesting contribution to the contents of your letter. I am so glad to have the forget-me-nots! It was a most kind thought to send them."

Edgar Tomline's letter had broken up the dreary stagnation of Lucy's life; and although to the eye of cool reason there might not appear to be anything in it on which to ground bright or hopeful anticipations, yet it had undoubtedly cheered her.

Zephyrus was struck by the change in her face when he appeared, true to his appointment, on the following Sunday; and Fatima, embracing her friend, exclaimed—

"Why, you don't look so very dreadful!"

"I am glad of that," answered Lucy, laughing; "one must not repine at looking only rather dreadful!"

"No; but I mean—Zephyrus said you were so pale, and—and—well, you *are* pale, now that little flush has faded. It's London, I suppose. Perhaps you want a tonic?"

"The sight of friends is the best of tonics; but you have not been in any hurry to give it me. I thought you had forgotten all about me, Fatima!"

Fatima began eagerly protesting that she had been meaning and hoping to pay a visit to Douro House daily for weeks past, when Zephyrus cut short her voluble explanation by saying, curtly—

"There, there, enough! Miss Smith understands all about it. She knows that *to-morrow* is the day when the Hawkins family perform all their social duties—and most of the others. If one can only have patience to wait until to-morrow, one will find them the most energetic, punctual, accurate people in the world. *Ea! Vamos!*"

As they walked towards the station of the Underground Railway, whence they were to start for Great Portland Street, Lucy asked Zephyrus if he had seen his friend, Mr. Rushmere, since their meeting in Kensington Gardens, adding, "I liked his face."

"It was mutual," answered Zephyrus. "He fished yours."

"Was his lameness caused by a wound got in battle? He must surely have been in the army!"

"You are right; he was in the army; but his lameness is the result of an accident, which cut short his career. He has told me all about himself. That is to say, he has told me a good deal. No man can tell another *all* about himself. His family were in trade. He was an only son, and his father lost what money he had soon after Rushmere got his commission; but there was a rich uncle who promised to make the young man his heir. With his uncle he quarrelled *à outrance* (I fancy it was about some love story; but I *know* nothing of that), and the rich man disinherited him like an uncle at the Comédie Française. Rushmere led a wild unsettled sort of life in India. He was in the service of some native prince at one time; and then he wandered half over the globe seeking his fortune. But all the while his fortune had stayed quietly at home in Britain, and there he found her when he came back. Less than two years ago he saw an advertisement concerning himself in an English newspaper. He was at that time on a small tea plantation in Ceylon, in which he had embarked—in company with a few other men—all the modest sum he was worth in the world. The rich uncle had relented at the last, and bequeathed him a very handsome independence. He was obliged to come to England on business connected with this inheritance. But he is very undecided whether he will remain in this country or not; he has no relations living, and one's crop of friends is apt to grow very thin after nearly twenty years' absence. To be sure, he won't have any difficulty in making new ones now. The rich uncle has provided for that!"

All this confirmed Lucy in the persuasion that the lame, sunburnt man, whom she had met in Kensington Gardens, was the same Ralph Rushmere who had figured in Miss Feltham's reminiscences. But she resolved to say nothing about this to the Hawkins's. Miss Feltham had spoken confidentially. Moreover, Mr. Rushmere had not, apparently, alluded to his acquaintance with Lord Grimstock's family in talking to Zephyrus; and, since he had been silent about it, Lucy would be so too.

She was received by Mr. Hawkins with cordiality and by Mrs. Hawkins with her habitual sweet and cool serenity; and by both, exactly as if they had parted from her yesterday. The house, she thought, looked a few shades dingier than her recollection had represented it; but, otherwise, all was unchanged. Fatima's room (from which the little bed she had occupied had not been removed) wore its old peculiar aspect of the greatest possible amount of untidiness compatible with perfect cleanliness. Fatima manifested, in her person and her dress, an almost feline daintiness, and aversion from soil or stain. But this quality was more like the instinct of some desert creature than the systematic neatness of a civilised young lady! If Fatima could but have fresh air and fresh water, it troubled her very little to be surrounded by disorder.

"Now tell me," she began, when she and Lucy were alone together, "how do you get on? How does Madame treat you? Zephyrus said he thought you were very lonely. It's a shame to leave you like that! Not but what I should prefer her room to her company."

As a matter of fact, Lucy was disposed to agree with this preference. But she was averse from launching forth into blame of Madame Leroux, or even from discussing her at all with Fatima. She therefore changed the subject to one on which she felt she had a right to speak fully and freely; and as to which it was a relief to pour out some part of what was in her heart.

She briefly narrated all that she knew of her birth and early life; and then told Fatima of Edgar Tomline's letter, and of her hope that she might some day discover her mother. Fatima listened with sympathetic interest; but she did not encourage Lucy in the idea that her mother was still alive. Indeed, she privately suspected that, if she were alive, a mother who could utterly neglect her child, and make no sign during so many years, would be very little worth finding.

Lucy, however, clung to her more sanguine view. Why should her mother be dead? She would still be in the prime of life. And so many circumstances might conceivably have prevented her from claiming her child after the death of its adopted parents.

"Perhaps—indeed, almost certainly—she was poor," said Lucy, eagerly. "The more she loved me, the less she might be willing to make me share her poverty. I can fancy now, better than I could before, what a hard life she may have had if, as Mr. Shard always supposed, she had to get her living as a teacher—I mean how impossible it may have been for her to keep up anything of a home for me and herself. Do you know, I have an idea sometimes that she may have emigrated to some colony? My father, perhaps, had connections or friends in Australia; his ship traded there."

"I tell you what, Lucy," exclaimed Fatima, at length, "if Mr. Rushmere should come in this evening, as he often does now on a Sunday, ask him if he ever chanced to meet with, or hear of, your father or mother. He has been all over the world."

"And has probably met with more than one Mr. and Mrs. Smith in the course of his travels," replied Lucy, shaking her head and smiling gravely.

"Well, it will be no harm to ask. And it is possible, you know. Everything is possible."

(To be continued)



"STRANGE GODS," by Constance Cotterell (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is presumably a first novel; at any rate, the title page contains no record of previous convictions against its authoress, whose name, considering the quality of her work, we should assuredly not have forgotten in the crowd. It is a novel of exceptional promise, and the more so, inasmuch as so much is made of such slight material. The plot cannot in any sense be called weak, but it certainly required all the gifts of narration which Constance Cotterell has so amply bestowed upon it, and which would easily have sufficed to support a story less inherently interesting. The whole work is so feminine in the best sense of that unhappily ambiguous epithet, that it is gratifying to find the authoress having the courage of her sex, and not putting on the disguise of a masculine or common pseudonym which every line of the work itself is certain to betray. We mean, by the distinctively feminine quality of the novel, a neatness of treatment, a keen sense of the ridiculous, an appreciation of the finer shades of emotion as distinct from passion, and, it must be added, a tendency to idealise male characters out of all knowledge. We will not say that Ambrose Tristram is an impossible example of chivalry, but he certainly lacks the life which makes poor Jenet so full of charm. Our only real quarrel with the authoress is that she has chosen to bring to a needlessly sad end so bright a story. Portraiture, however, and personal interest, are not the only motives of the novel, which is a wholesome protest against cant, conscious or unconscious, in a variety of forms—especially that of measuring the universe by one's own prejudices. Constance Cotterell says so many good and telling things in this connection, that not impossibly a few of her readers may extend to themselves the laugh she excites at the expense of some of her characters. One admirable feature of the novel is the evidence it contains of varied knowledge, which makes itself felt without a symptom of pedantry or display, and thus enhances the general lightness and brilliancy.

Such promise as was given by "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick," which obtained a considerable amount of success, cannot be said to be maintained in its successor. In "Part of the Property" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), Beatrice Whitby seems unable to get away from the motive of her first novel, the conversion of indifference, or dislike, or prejudice into love; and she has been far less happy in her second illustration of it. The story may shortly be described as that of people who fail to know their own minds, not with the conventional object of postponing a *dénouement* till the proper number of pages have been filled with their cross purposes, but because they have no minds in particular to know. It is simply impossible to take any vital interest in their mild misunderstandings; and why, when they have led to a happy conclusion, the authoress should have thought fit to kill her hero—unless it was because she had, not unnaturally, grown tired of him—is impossible to surmise. We very much fear that Beatrice Whitby has made the not uncommon mistake of imagining that a fairly good and successful first novel is equivalent to a reputation which may thenceforth be safely played with. After all, something more than three volumes are required to make a novel.

Stories of a man who leads two separate lives have become common enough—almost too common; so that Somerville Gibney, otherwise Edward Fitzgibbon, has done well, for novelty's sake, to make the chief character of his "Captain Jacques" (1 vol.: Roper and Drowley) lead no fewer than three lives at once—those, namely, of an eminent and benevolent physician; of the physician's confidential servant; and of the captain of a gang of robbers and cut-throats. The period of the story is that of the Great Plague, and is as full of incident as a single volume can contrive to be. The romance must not, however, be confounded with works of the "dreadful" order. "Captain Jacques" is really well written and constructed, and in a plain and sober fashion which counteracts any excess of improbability. The author might well have entered a little into the psychology of his Doctor Parr, alias Jasper Tenant, alias Captain Jacques; but he has preferred to devote himself to outward incidents only, for which no doubt the majority of readers will be grateful.

"A Family Tree: and Other Stories" (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.) is a collection of tales and sketches by Mr. Brander Matthews, chiefly of the ultra-refined American school, in which the author provides a situation, and the reader is left to discover the pathos, or humour, or both, which he is given to understand it to be a found between the lines. Of course, if he discovers it, he is a superior person; if not, he is equally of course the contrary. This secret of seeming pathetic without pathos, and humorous without humour, is at present an American monopoly. We wish we could say as much of the spelling which Messrs. Longman seem determined, in spite of protest, to inflict upon English readers. There is, of course, some excuse for retaining an American author's American spelling; but these stories of Mr. Matthews are more irritating as pretentious book-making than as compelling one to read of "my neighbors."

The motive of "The Stranger-Artist; or Through Shadowland," by Edith C. Kenyon (1 vol.: Roper and Drowley), is, to say the least, confusing. In that respect the promise of shadowiness given by the title-page is more than amply fulfilled. The heroine has by the title-page a father and the hero an unknown grandmother; and an unknown father and the hero an unknown grandmother. Hence arises a series of complications of a much more sentimental nature than might be gathered from a situation which, stated barely, seems more suggestive of comedy. Much of the conversation, it is true, is exceedingly comical; but this is apparently without the intention of the author, who is invariably serious, even to the point of dropping into the form of the tract at unreasonable moments. We have no doubt that she has an excellent purpose, and therefore regret the more that we have been unable to gather

it. "Ex tenebris, per umbras, ad lucem" is her title-page motto; but the "lucem" seems wanting somewhere. It seems an odd way of implying that, without any merit of one's own, one's father may become a celebrated painter, and one's grandmother may leave one plenty of money.

FOX-HUNTING IN THE PAST

ROWLANDSON'S version of the "Hunt Dinner" carries the "sporting investigator" back a century. Fox-hunting had not reached its development as regards finished "appointments" and "science," but the sport was by no means in its first youth, although, to the minds of "Leicestershire top-sawyers," the condition of fox-hunting in 1788 may, by comparison, be referred to the "dark ages." When "Nimrod" was inaugurating the literature of "The Chase," Lord Arundel, in 1833, informed this eminent authority that his ancestor, Lord Arundel, kept a pack of foxhounds between the years 1690 and 1700. These hounds were kept up until, at the death of the Earl of Castle Haven, about 1782, the pack was secured by the famous Hugo Meynell, of Quorndon Hall, Leicestershire, who may be credited with having brought fox-hunting to its early perfection.

Before this county acquired its ascendancy in the annals of sport, it was hunted by the Noel hounds, alleged to claim the oldest fox-hunting blood in England. The Noels were of ancient standing in the chase, and were succeeded in the possession of Cottesmore by the Earl of Lonsdale, who for half a century personally superintended the pack.

Lord Yarborough's kennel could also claim hounds of pedigree, as "Nimrod" recorded in 1833 that the pack had descended uninterruptedly from father to son for upwards of one hundred and fifty years. At the same period the veteran John Warde, known as "the Father of the Field," had been an admired master of fox-hounds for the phenomenal period of fifty-seven years in succession; his hounds had a high reputation for descent, having much of the blood of two redoubtable packs, those of Lord Thanet and Mr. Elwes, which were in the possession of the Abingdon family at Rycot for at least three generations. John Warde's first pack was purchased from the Hon. Captain Bertie. During his long tenure of "mastership," Warde sold his pack to Lord Spencer, reserving three couples of bitches from which another pack was raised retaining the old blood.

Earl Fitzwilliam kept the Crewe and Foley hounds under his own care for nearly fifty years, and the ancient blood was kept up by his successors. The Belvoir hounds, in the keeping of the Duke of Rutland, and the Duke of Beaufort's pack, both dating from Lord Fitzwilliam's taking the Crewe and Foley hounds, had already been in the same possession for three generations when "Nimrod" commenced his sporting annals; at the same period, fox-hounds had been kept at Raby Castle by the successive Dukes of Cleveland for more than a century. The Earl of Scarborough's pack, later in the hands of Mr. Foljambe, claimed an ancient pedigree. Sir Thomas Mostyn, Mr. Chute, Mr. Musters, all excellent sportsmen, date back to the last century; the names of Sir Richard Puleston, Lord Middleton, the Earl of Harewood, Mr. Villebois, Mr. Ralph Lambton, and the Duke of Grafton all belong to the palmy days of Squire Osbaldeston, Sir Harry Goodricke, and the traditional lights of the Quorn and Leicestershire packs seventy years ago.

The jovial fox-hunters portrayed by Rowlandson belong to the rough and tumble days of the chase, when hardships in the pursuit by day, and hard drinking when the "brush" was brought to "Sportsman's Hall," were the order of the programme, and the dangers of these respective incidents were about equal; before the era of desperate pace, perhaps fewer fox-hunters were carried off the field, and more were carried off from the table, for it was there that "floorers" commonly abounded.

The men of that generation were hardy disciples, and "meets" had to be reached betime, there were no "second horses" or even cover hacks dreamt of; in proportion to the distances to be ridden by starlight were the hours of rest invaded. Hours before day-break the fox-hunter took the field. There is an account of one of these worthies, William Draper of Berwick Hall, Yorkshire, who kept a stable of right good English hunters, and a kennel of true-bred fox-hounds, all bred, fed, and hunted by the squire himself. "His general apparel was a long drab hunting coat, a belt round his waist, and a strong velvet cap on his head. In his humour he was very jocular and facetious, having always some pleasant story, both in the field and in the hall. His stables and kennels were kept in such excellent order that sportsmen regarded them as schools for huntsmen and grooms. He was always up, during the hunting season, at four in the morning, and mounted on one of his goodly nags at five o'clock, himself bringing forth his hounds, who knew every note of their old master's voice. After the fatigues of the day, whence he generally brought away a couple of 'brushes,' he entertained those who would return with him, which was sometimes thirty miles' distance, with old English hospitality; his first fox-hunting toast was invariably 'All the Brushes in Christendom.'"

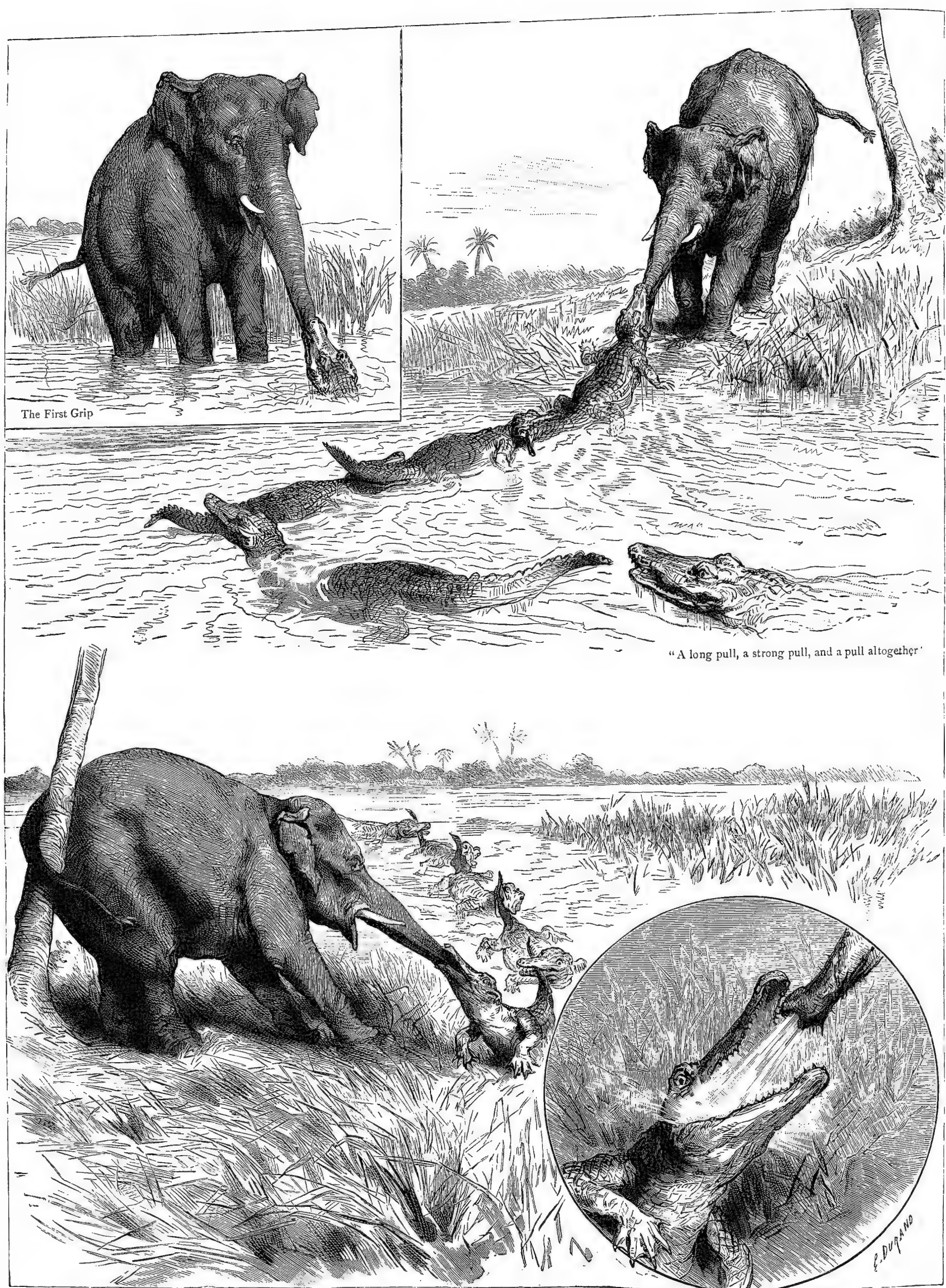
The Chaplain who figures in Rowlandson's picture belonged to that order of foxhunting parsons concerning one of whom, a follower of Mr. Noel's hounds in Rutlandshire, it is related:—"He had been known several times, when at prayers, in the week-day service to leave the congregation and join the hounds, when they chanced to pass in full cry; and once when he was marrying a couple, left them in the middle of the service, and told them he would finish it the next morning."

Henry Alken's version of "The Kill" in Leicestershire, 1827, deals with those exciting days of "pace" when Squire Osbaldeston and Jack Stevens led the field; in a later Supplement the "Leicestershire Covers," in a panoramic form, as designed by H. Alken, 1824, will carry the sportsman back to the brilliant traditions of Meltonians and the Quorn.

J. G.

MAHOMEDAN PILGRIMS to Medina and Mecca will encounter worse hardships and dangers this year than usual. Owing to an insufficient rainfall during the last few seasons in the province of Hedjaz—the Arabian Holy Land—famine prevails throughout the district, and renders the natives eager to rob and plunder at every opportunity. The leading routes to Medina and Mecca are most insecure, robbers lying in wait for travellers and merchandise, while the tribes are constantly fighting among themselves to secure the scanty pasture for their cattle.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S FAVOURITE FOOD is either baked fish, or a *poulet sauté*, with potatoes. Emperor William lives most simply, and dines at 1.30, except on State occasions, when, however, dinner is never later than six o'clock. He rises very early, and, after a cup of coffee, goes out riding or walking, and in the season enjoys a little shooting. If the weather is bad, His Majesty takes an hour's exercise in the Palace quadrangle. Breakfast follows, consisting of an omelette, ham and eggs, and a muton-chop or some chicken. At dinner Emperor William takes either clear soup, with rice or macaroni, or Russian broth; boiled meat with vegetables, roast meat and pudding, while, if guests are present, an *entrée* and ices are added. Fish or meat and pudding are served for supper. His Majesty has just sent a very significant gift to the Austrian Emperor as a memento of the late Empress Augusta. It is a beautiful statuette of the "Angel of Peace," chosen from the Empress's Art collection.



The First Grip

"A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether"

Strength may fail, but—

Stratagem succeeds

A TUG OF WAR EXTRAORDINARY
THE STRANGE TALE OF THE ELEPHANT AND THE CROCODILES



MESSRS. MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.—There is much healthy sentiment in "Homeland," written by Smedley Norton, music by Edith Marriott; this song is of medium compass, published in one key only.—A graceful little love-song for a baritone is "O! Tell Me, Maiden," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Stephen Kemp.—"Remember," an impassioned poem by Christina Rossetti, has been set to appropriate music by Gladys L. Evans for a contralto.—"On the Shallows" is a pretty song with a waltz refrain, written and composed by Claxson Bellamy and A. J. Gosden.—A quaint poem by Joshua Sylvester, an old English poet, is "My Heart Shall Truly Love You," the music by W. Franckenstein, who has caught the spirit of the words.—The above-named composer has with equal success set to music Wordsworth's charming poem, "At the Corner of Wood Street."—"The Gate-keeper's Daughter" is a pleasing ballad of the "Twickenham Ferry" school, written and composed by T. H. Hardman and Whewall Bowling.—Nos. 1 and 7 of "Popular Gems of Handel," arranged as duets for violin and pianoforte, by Ludwig Schumann, are: "Souvenir from Handel's Concerto in A," and "May No Rash Intruder," from *Salomon*; this series has already won popular favour.

MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—"Album Lyrique," by Jacques Blumenthal, contains seven songs of more than ordinary merit and refinement, well worthy a place in our musical library. "La Première" ("First Love") is a sad lament, by François Coppée.—Gustave Nadaud contributes "Tchadja" ("Chanson Persane"); Auguste Briseaux "Chanson de Marie" (a Breton song); and Paul Juillerat "La Valse des Feuilles" ("The Dancing Leaves").—The remaining three poems are by the gifted Sully Prudhomme, "Chanson de Mer" ("A Song of the Sea"); "Le Vase Brisé" ("The Broken Goblet"); and "Le Scrupule" ("Doubting"), a duet.—Two very pleasing songs of a serious character are "The Bridge of Gold," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by Frank Moir; and "A Little While," written and composed by Cotsford Dick and Mrs. Arthur Goodeve.—A song which is somewhat out of the common groove is "I Live For Thee" (Serenade), with violin or violoncello obbligato, words by Clifton Bingham, music by Leo Stern.

CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—A very showy vocal waltz is "L'Estasi" ("Il Giubilo"), composed by Alexander S. Beaumont.—"I Love Thee," Tom Hood's ever popular poem, has been well set to music by W. Noel Johnson; there is an effective obbligato for the violoncello or violin, which adds to the effect of this taking song.—A bombastic song which will find some warm admirers is "Stanley Triumphant," a scena, words by T. M. Busted, music by Sydney Shaw.—Again comes help and guidance for our juvenile students. Carl Weber has composed twelve "Sehr Leichte Klavierstückchen für Anfänger," very easy piano pieces for beginners within the compass of five notes and without shifting the thumb. These very simple but tuneful melodies will greatly please the little folks.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"La Serenata" ("The Serenade"), English version from the Italian of G. A. Cesareo, by Theo Marzials, music by F. Paolo Tosti, has already won popular favour. Precisely the same may be said of "It is For You to Say," written and composed by Clifton Bingham and L. Denza (Messrs. G. Ricordi and Co.).—A song which will meet with a welcome in the home circle is "My Darling Wife," words by A. J. Marriott, music by C. H. R. Marriott (Messrs. Francis Bros. and Day).—"Silent Vows," written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and Frederick Croft, is a fairly good song on an ever popular theme (Messrs. C. B. Tree and Co.).—"Philomel Gavotte," by James Breeze, may lay some claim to originality, which is no light praise (J. Bath).—"The White Heather Valse," by Ada Faber, is tuneful, and the time is well marked (The London Publishing Company).—"The Pink 'Un Polka March" (with chorus), by W. Corri, jun., words by "Peripatetic," will score a success at a smoking concert (Messrs. Hopwood and Crew).

FISHING IN THE HARBOUR OF RIO JANEIRO

THE harbour of Rio de Janeiro, so well described by the late Lady Brassey in the "Voyage of the *Sunbeam*," is not only one of the largest and most beautiful in the New World, but is also known in Brazil as an excellent place for fishing. Fish of nearly every sort known to South American waters are there in shoals, and afford sport in all possible variety. The best is to be had near the little island of Paqueta, which lies between eight and nine miles from the town of Rio.

There we spent some weeks in the house of a friend; a picturesque, low, one-storied building covering a large area, in the midst of stately palms and waving bamboos. The garden ends at a sandy beach, on which break, with gentle splash, the rippling waves of the sheltered bay. Along the sand is a fringe of coconut-palms waving their great leaves gently in the sea-breeze; and, on the other side of the bay, rise the Organ Mountains, with the jutting crags stretching majestically towards the sky.

Fishing was our main amusement; and on the first morning we were called at four o'clock by the boy, and, having dressed ourselves, sat down to a cup of strong, hot coffee and some bread and biscuits, after which we went out into the verandah, and saw the day breaking behind the Organ Mountains, whose strange shapes were yet shrouded in the thick white mists that rise at night from the swamps. We then went down to the beach, and, jumping into a canoe, paddled out to the steam-launch and the large canoe, manned by ten negroes, which lay waiting for us, and then started in the launch, towing the two canoes behind us.

When we were clear of the rocks, which abound round the little archipelago of islands in which Paqueta is situated, we turned round, and, keeping just outside the reefs, we soon arrived at our destination, off the Island of Pangareyba, one of the best fishing-grounds in the harbour. We left the launch anchored at about a quarter of a mile away, and paddled on in the small canoe, with the niggers following, so as not to disturb the fish by the noisier launch. We all landed, and two old negro-fishermen paddled out and let down the small seine which we had brought with us. Then, when all was ready, we began to haul in as quickly as possible, and as the end—a *cul de sac*—drew near, we could see the larger fish swimming round and round, in the vain endeavours to find some loophole of escape, while the smaller ones were caught and hung in numbers in the meshes. Then followed a scene of the greatest excitement as they were hauled high and dry on to the beach. The biggest fish did their best to flop back into the water, and it was all that we could do to secure them.

In the haul we took a number of *pescadas*, beautiful fish, coloured and shaped like Scotch salmon; *pescadinhas*, a smaller species of *pescada*; *badejas*, handsome dark-green fellows, spotted with black and brown; and *corvinhas*, lovely creatures like gold fish, though less red in colour. Besides these there were dozens of smaller fry, equally beautiful, but of less account. Part of the haul was destined for the market, and these were put into the large canoe, the niggers throwing the wet seine on to the top of all to prevent them from leaping out into the water.

We then steamed back to Paqueta, and sat down to a fish breakfast. Not the least excellent produce of these waters is a prawn, as large as a small lobster, and these make a breakfast-dish which it is almost worth going to Rio to enjoy.

But our fishing was not yet over. After breakfast we amused ourselves by setting "fish-traps," something like lobster-pots, which we baited with oysters and crabs cut up into pieces, or bits of pork. We set six of these at the foot of the great boulders which stand up out of the water opposite the house, and when we pulled them up in the evening we found two or three fish in each.

After this we went to the shelter of the house until after luncheon, and then got out our bamboo-rods with copper lines, for the sharp oysters which are found all over the bay cut an ordinary line in a minute, and then with shrimp-nets caught our bait, namely, shrimps. Paddling to some rocks which stand just out of the water at high tide, we got out and began fishing.

After five or six minutes my friend hooked a large *badeja*, and, while he was playing him, I landed a small one. Hardly had I replaced my bait in the water when I felt a great pull, and found I was fast in a large *baiacu*, which is a very voracious and poisonous fish. It has two large teeth, shaped like a man's front tooth, in the upper jaw, and with them it can inflict a severe bite. When pulled out of the water it begins to puff itself out, and swells to about twice its ordinary size.

While I was getting the creature on to the rock, no very easy matter for one person, my friend who had moved to the opposite side of the rock was playing a *pescada*, a very game fish at all times, and one which can give trouble even at the end of a copper line. This one fish rushed under the rock, and tried to cut the line on the oysters.

Finding this was no use, it darted away from the rock, only to be drawn gently back again. After about twenty minutes Jack landed it, and it proved to be a very fine one, even for Rio Harbour. My next prey was a *garopa*—the "gropo" of "Penrose's Journal" and other old books on South American waters—a fine, broad fish, with a greenish hue on the back, toning down to a silvery white underneath, and spotted with dark brown. Then Jack had a *robalo*—a long fish, with a snout like a pike, and silvery-white scales, with bars of black. It then began to grow dark fast; so we counted our bag, which consisted of two *badejas*, a *garopa*, a *robalo*, a *baiacu*, three *pescadas*, and two or three little fish, and paddled home.

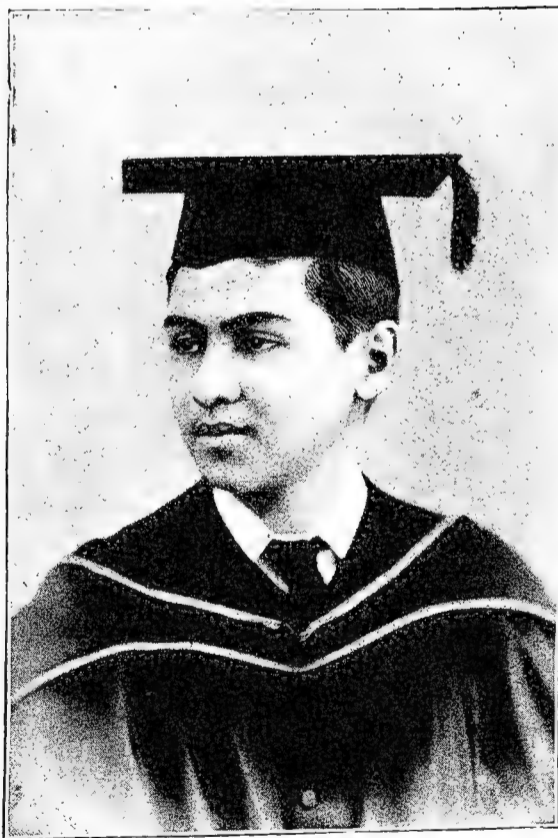
After dinner we sat in the verandah. The short tropical twilight had passed. All round us lay the garden, full of tropical plants and ferns; and the big boulders stood out, a black mass, in the water, which was gleaming and glittering in the rays of the silver moon. Far away across the broad bay was seen looming, black against the sky, the opposite coast and the Organ Mountains, whose outline was broken and softened by the clinging mists. The faint lights of the charcoal-burners' fires were seen here and there on the distant hills; and in the warm night air were heard the whisper of the palms, the flight of bats, the shrill cry of the *cicadas*, and all the familiar sounds of the tropical night.

One other sound there was—which is now heard in Brazil no more—the strange and melancholy cry which rose from the throats of the bondsmen, the African slaves, toiling day and night unceasingly in the limekilns close at hand. These night-watchers were forced to sing a droning chorus at fixed intervals, so that their master, should he happen to be awake, might know that they were at their toil. We at least, I hope, slept that night with a clearer conscience than the master of the slaves.

G. H. U.

THE BOY BACHELOR OF INDIA

AMONGST the names of the students who lately passed the final B.A. examination at the Bombay University will be found Percy H. Ezechiel. He is the son of Lieutenant Ezechiel, of the Bombay Commissariat, and was born August 10th, 1875. He began to attend school in India in December, 1882, and in November, 1886,



PERCY H. EZECHIEL
The Boy Bachelor of India

just three months after completing his eleventh year, passed the Bombay Matriculation Examination, standing fifth in the order of merit. Only 527 passed out of 3,000 who competed, and the ages of the other successful competitors ranged from sixteen to twenty-five. In January, 1887, he entered the Deccan College, Poona, and studied there until November of the same year, when he went up for what is known as the "Previous Examination."

He passed, taking a high place on the list; 519 competed, and 123 passed. The following year he resumed his studies at the Deccan College, and in November, 1888, presented himself for the first B.A. Examination, in which his success was most brilliant, as he came out first in the order of merit; 274 competed, and 171 passed.

In January, 1889, he joined St. Xavier's College, Bombay, and in November last, three months after completing his fourteenth

year, he appeared for the final B.A. Examination, taking up the group "Languages and Literature." He was again successful, and high upon the list; 232 competed, and 105 passed. The Principal of St. Xavier's College recently wrote of him:—"He is undoubtedly one of the most talented and promising students who have ever presented themselves for University honours in this Presidency." He has had no cramming or special coaching, and has found time to attain a very creditable proficiency in drawing, painting, and music, and also in French and Sanscrit.

It was hoped that such a very promising lad would have found encouragement by receiving a Fellowship from one of the Government Colleges in India, but having been disappointed, he proceeds shortly to England to continue his studies, in view of eventually graduating at Cambridge.—Our portrait is from a photograph by A. Mirza Ally and Co., East Street, Poona.



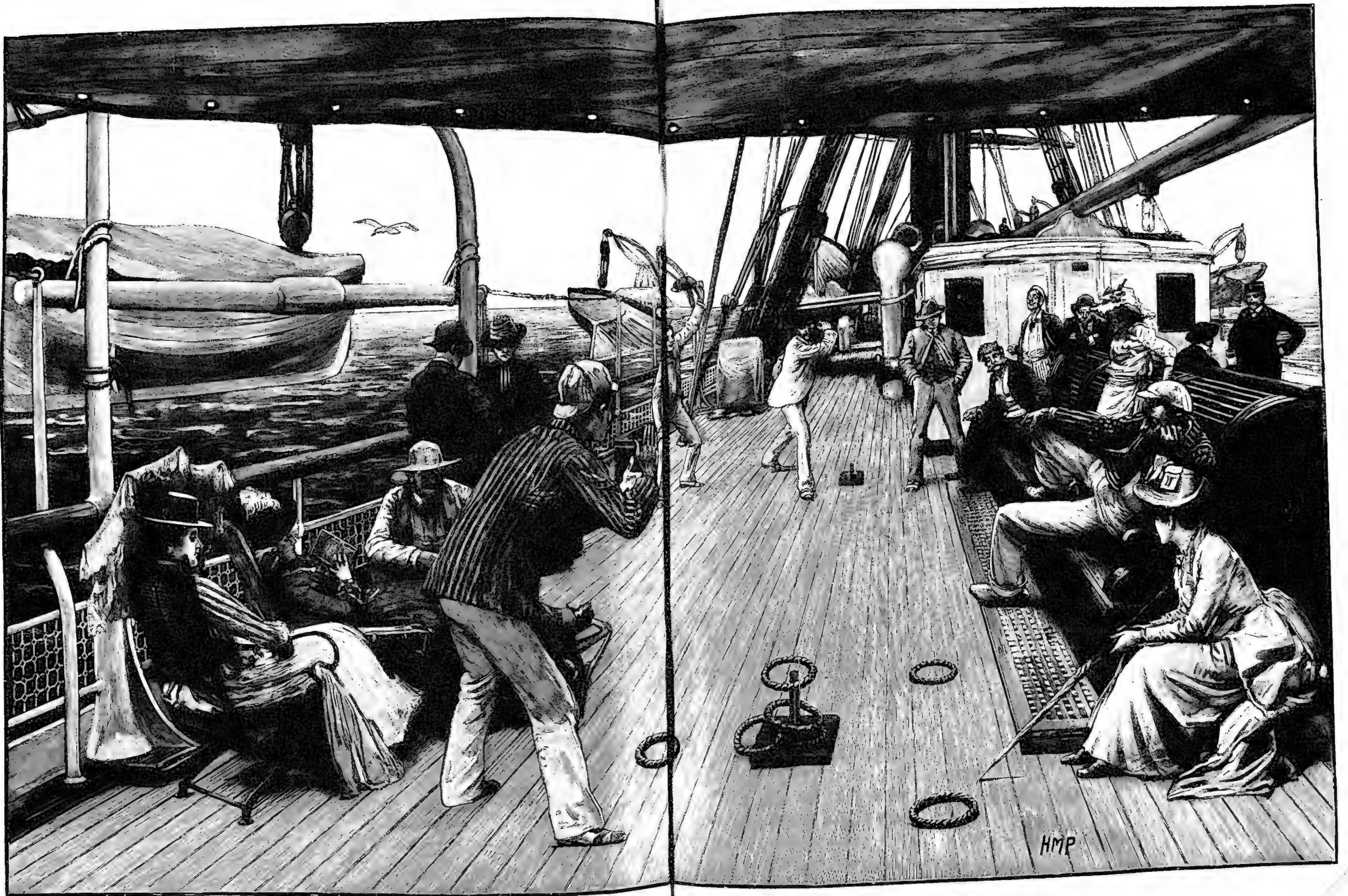
COUNT PAUL VASILI has rounded off his series of works on the European *beau monde* with "Society in Paris" (Chatto and Windus). *Nil admirari* in his view might be the motto of the Parisian people he here describes. Whatever occurs there that differs from the ordinary rule evokes either a shrug of the shoulders, or the approval of the wittiest public known. It is not the custom there, we learn, to become infatuated or passionately fond of anything; enthusiasm and blame are discreet and moderate; objects of interest are soon forgotten; English *puffism*, which has been so readily adopted on the other side of the Atlantic, finds no favour in Paris. In face of the recent escapade of the Duke of Orleans, what Count Paul VasilI writes about the young Prince may be specially interesting. "The law of expulsion," he says, "was aimed chiefly at the Duc d'Orléans. What future may not, indeed, have been reserved to a Prince brought up in France (he attended the lectures of the Free School in the Rue de Madrid, where he was making brilliant studies), having friends and comrades in all classes of society? France might easily have become infatuated with that fine youth. The Duke d'Orléans much resembles his grandfather, whose title he bears." In his final chapter on "Piety and Charity Among the Upper Classes," the author almost waxes poetical, especially in the case where he is describing the condescension of great ladies at bazaars. "They hand you," he writes, "an article worth twenty francs at the outside. 'It is worth forty francs' they insidiously remark; 'but . . . as a keepsake of me you must give five louis for it.' Of course you have it wrapped up, and pay whatever price the fascinating saleswoman may ask you for . . . the pencil case or sachet, which ten seconds later a thousand franc note would not purchase." This gossiping work is translated from the French, and edited with notes by M. Raphael Ledes De Beaufort.

In "A Trip Through the Eastern Caucasus" (Edward Stanford), the Hon. John Abercromby gives as a description of a little-known country, at least one outside the range of the average globe-trotting tourist. He was only there six weeks, and his notes were slight, but in that time he managed to cross the main chain of the Caucasus twice by passes little used except by natives. He also explored more completely than has been done before the Wall of Derbend, and the highly-interesting Art village of Kubachi. Intending travellers in the Mountain of Languages may find useful Mr. Abercromby's concluding chapter on the structure and affinities of the seven best-known tongues of the Eastern Caucasus. Considering the roughness of the country he went through, and the comparative uncouthness of the inhabitants, he appears to have found it remarkably plain sailing. He was very much helped by having a letter of introduction from M. de Staal to the Governor-General of the Caucasus, Prince Dondoukoff Korsakoff. That great personage furnished the author with a circular letter in Russian and Arabic to all in authority wherever he wished to go. The mere production of this document acted like a charm, insuring him in every place the utmost hospitality. Altogether it is not surprising that he has formed and has contrived to convey a pleasant impression of the Russian *nachalniks*, native *nabys*, and *yuzbashes* with whom he came in contact. The author writes quietly and pleasantly of what he saw. His work is enriched with numerous plates and illustrations. It also contains maps, one of Daghestan and the Eastern Caucasus, showing the author's route, another of the Wall of Derbend and its vicinity; while there is an ethnographical map of the whole region.

Messrs. Macmillan have added to their series of "English Men of Action" a volume on "Peterborough," by Mr. William Stebbing. The writer leaves unanswered the disputed questions in the career of this eccentric politician and soldier. These form a tangle of conundrums which we understand from Mr. Stebbing that he gives up. Without help or hindrance from his biographers, Peterborough will continue, as statesman, soldier, courtier, lover, to occupy his old place on the borderland of fable. But, as the author remarks, a life of him will have missed its mark if it do not convey an impression of a most accomplished egotist; the determined king of his company; an inexhaustible spring of views and impulses; a brain so fruitful in combinations that they jostled and thrust one another out; a wit and enterprise, eagle-eyed and eagle-taloned, equal to every opportunity or emergency in war and politics, in society and gallantry. It is a curious trait in Peterborough that he saw no inconsistency in a conjunction of ample respect for old descent and the privileges of nobility with contempt for royalty. His well-known witticism in answer to the Prince de Cellamare's query concerning England, "Sacre-t-on les Rois?"—"Oui, Monsieur, on les sacre, et on les massacre aussi," represented his habitual tone with regard to kings.

Dr. John Murray Moore writes a book full of detailed information about "New Zealand for the Emigrant, Invalid, and Tourist" (Sampson Low). The author is a member of many learned Societies in the old country, but, besides the qualifications thus implied, we have the fact that the data here set forth with care and original research are the fruits of Dr. Moore's nine years' professional work in the colony. He has classified, for the first time, the various climatic zones into which New Zealand, viewed as a Health Resort, is divisible, and he gives a fully detailed account of the characters and therapeutic achievements, up to date, of the principal thermal springs of the North Island. Generally, the book is well filled with useful information. In a chapter on the "Social Life in New Zealand" the writer observes:—"Among the degrading elements of social life in the colony are those poor fellows who are kept in New Zealand by money remitted by their friends in England once a month, either direct to them or through trustees. They are called 'remittance men,' and are a source of trouble to every one acquainted with them. Usually, they drink away the money within a few days of its receipt, and then go about borrowing until the next mail comes in."

An addition is made to the literature of Arctic adventure by Captain Richard Collinson, with the "Journal of H.M.S. *Enterprise*, on the Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin's Ships by Behring Straits, 1850-55" (Sampson Low). Captain Collinson commanded the expedition here described, and this work is edited



DECK QUOITS ON A "P. AND O." STEAMER—"A RINGER"

THE GRAPHIC

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by his brother, Major-General T. B. Collinson, of the Royal Engineers. The *Enterprise* left the Thames in January, 1850, in company with the *Investigator*, but failed to get through the ice-gate at Point Barrow. She accomplished this in 1851, and remained in the far northern regions for some four years, returning to England in May, 1855, after a total absence of five years and four months, sound in herself, and healthy in her crew. It has been remarked concerning this work by a competent authority that it will not now awaken that thrilling interest in the mind of the general reader which it would have done had it been published at the time when a strong feeling existed amongst almost all classes in favour of Arctic enterprise; but it is a record of patient endurance and of unflagging perseverance, under difficulties and trials which have perhaps never been surpassed; and it cannot but prove a solid and brilliant addition to the history of many like deeds performed by the seamen of the navy of this country.

Captain the Hon. D. Bingham has written, in two volumes, "The Marriages of the Bourbons" (Chapman and Hall). The book is concerned quite as largely with the Gabrielle d'Estrees, the Pompadours, and Du Barrys of French Court life as with the Annes of Austria and the Marie Antoinettes. Captain Bingham tells, with lucidity, and in a pleasant manner, the story of the domestic irregularities of the Bourbons. Unfortunately, however, as this social narrative is conducted, it can scarcely prove profitable reading to any but sedate students of history. The Bourbons threw the glamour of Royalty and Kingship round very much that is at variance with the sounder ideals of Englishmen.

Messrs. Sampson Low publish "The Lancashire Life of Bishop Fraser," by the Rev. J. W. Diggle, M.A., Vicar of Moseley Hill, Liverpool. The volume is especially interesting in those parts which illustrate the Bishop's attitude in the matter of strikes and the labour question. With regard to Dr. Fraser's personal characteristics, his biographer observes that he was among the most simple and most industrious of men. Still, neither his simplicity nor his industry were the result of the straitened circumstances of his early life. Both sprang from a source nobler than necessity. When he was working ten hours a day for "The Ireland," his aim was not the 30s. a year, but the University distinction, and the fulfilment of a plain duty; and, perhaps most potent of all, the longing to gratify his widowed mother. "I am reading as hard as I can," he writes, in reference to the approaching examination for an Oriel Fellowship, "but with little prospect of success." When his success was announced, the first letter he wrote began thus:—"My dearest Mother—I am delighted to be able to inform you that you may congratulate your first-born on being this day elected Fellow of Oriel." This incident, remarks Mr. Diggle, is typical of Bishop Fraser's whole course of life. The history of Dr. Fraser's Lancashire life was worth telling, and Mr. Diggle has performed a worthy task with judgment and ability.

The Rev. Dr. W. G. Blaikie has been through the United States, and he supplies us with the sum of his experience in "Summer Suns in the Far West: a Holiday Trip to the Pacific Slope" (Thomas Nelson and Sons). He describes very brightly what he saw, and as he appears to have had a warm welcome from the Protestant religious world of America, he has garnered many interesting data with reference to the moral and domestic life of our Transatlantic cousins.

The Countess Cowper relates agreeably the incidents of a tour of "A Month in Palestine" (John Bumpus). The author tells us that she has tried to write down just what came under her notice, and struck her as interesting, chiefly because she knew it would be a pleasure for her hereafter to look back to, and partly because some may like to glance through a short account of a ride through a country in which so much of the Old and New Testament history took place.

In "Our Earth and Its Story" (Cassell and Co.), Dr. Robert Brown has produced a popular treatise on physical geography which discourses very fully, and in a simple manner, of the geographical distribution of man and the animals on the earth, of the physics of the sea, and of the distribution of the climate. It is one of those useful and popular works for which Cassell and Co. are so well known, and the task of explanation is much facilitated by the coloured plates, maps, diagrams, and woodcuts with which the pages are profusely adorned. Any one wishing to read the subject up quickly, and not too deeply, will find in "Our Earth and Its Story" all that he needs.

"Brett's Handy Guide to New Zealand" is a book that no one going to the islands, whether as a visitor or as a settler, should be without. Its information on every point appears to be complete, and it is provided with some capital maps in addition to its numerous illustrations.

We have also received "Rhigas Pharaos" (Longman), a biographical sketch of the protomartyr of Greek Independence, by Mrs. Edmonds, author of "Greek Lays," Miss Teresa H. Dean's "How to Be Beautiful: Nature Unmasked—A Book for Every Woman" (Trübner); and Mr. Alexander McArthur's "Anton Rubinstein: a Biographical Sketch" (Adam and Charles Black).

ANOTHER HEIR-APPARENT IS GOING ON HIS TRAVELS. Whilst the Prince of Naples is visiting the East, the Czar proposes to send the Czarevitch on a voyage round the world with his sailor-brother, the Grand Duke George.

THE FRENCH PASSION PLAY, written by M. Haraucourt, cannot be produced in Paris, as the Censure have forbidden the performance on religious grounds. The dramatist hopes to bring out his piece either at Brussels or in London.

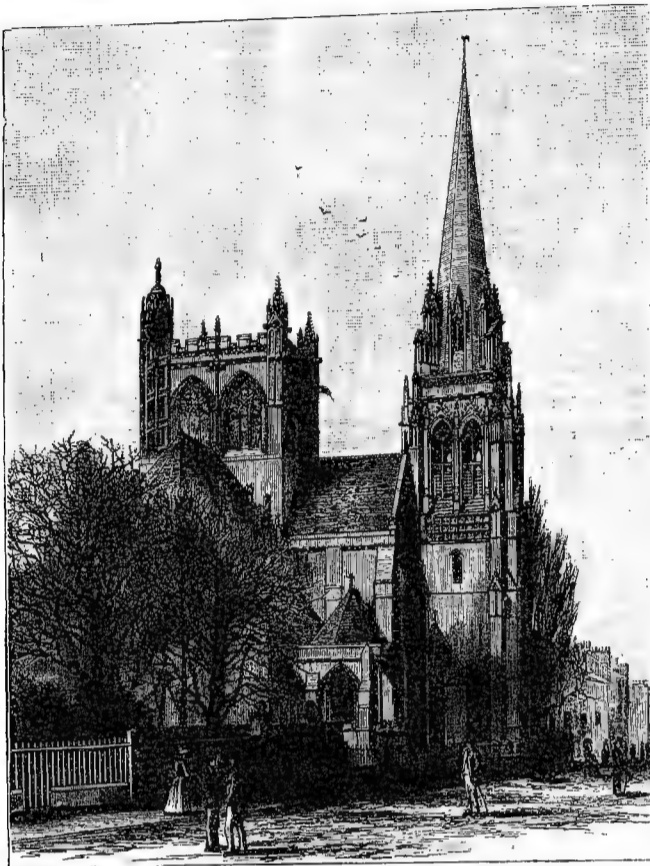
HIPPOPHAGY IN PARIS continues to increase. The first establishment for the sale of horseflesh was opened in 1866, and now there are 132 throughout Paris. Last year 16,940 horses, 241 donkeys, and 43 mules were slaughtered for food, and two-thirds of the meat was made into sausages. When served up with good sauce, it is difficult to distinguish horseflesh from beef, but the former meat smells more strongly. The price of horseflesh is much higher than formerly.

A BAND OF CENTRAL ASIAN SINGERS will shortly visit Russia, and may probably make a tour of Europe. The singers muster seventy—Afghans, Bokhariots, and Tekké Turcomans, under the leadership of a celebrated Asiatic musician, Ak-Iouchlaï-Ogli, and the profits of their concerts will serve to found schools in certain Central Asian cities. By-the-by, an important exhibition of Central Asian products and manufactures will be held at Tashkend this autumn, to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the taking of the city by Bokhara.

PRECEDENT IN CHINA is followed so strictly that a provincial Governor was put in a desperate quandary recently, because he could find no previous authority for judging a case which came before him. A young man, who had been brutally treated by his uncle and aunt, determined to kill the latter, as the more cruel of the two. However, in shooting at the wife, he killed the husband by accident. The Governor studied all the law-books within reach, and he then informed the Pekin Government that he could find no account of the proper way to deal with a case of murdering one elder relative by mistake for another. Whilst awaiting further instructions, accordingly, he sentenced the criminal to undergo the penalty for murdering an uncle—death by slow degrees.

THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT CAMBRIDGE,

Now fast approaching completion, is a striking addition even to a town of striking buildings, rich in historical associations and architectural types. The designers have had a difficult task before them to produce a building which would not jar with the other monuments of construction. They have avoided, on the one hand, a too close imitation of the many types from which they might have copied; and, on the other, a too modern erection, unsuitable to the town. The church has a most prominent position: it stands at what is known as Hyde Park Corner, on the road from the station to the Colleges, and does much to beautify its end of the town. The visitor at a distance recognises the decorated outline, and, drawing near, takes in its general character. The spire at one end is 216 feet in height, and is closely placed to the lantern-tower. Within, the geometrical tracery of the windows, the enriched groings of



THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT CAMBRIDGE

the roofs, the beautifully-arranged doorways will bear comparison with other notable ecclesiastical edifices.

But satisfactory as is the building in detail, a main characteristic is not noticed unless the church is viewed from the surrounding country. With the colleges, chapels, and other town buildings sunk out of sight in the flatness of the ground, the spire, towering grandly over all, affords a convenient landmark over long distances. The church, which is dedicated to the Virgin and English Martyrs, is being erected at the cost of a single benefactress, and will, when completed, be one of the most interesting specimens of ecclesiastical Art in the Eastern Counties. Many churches from many towns have furnished suggestions for the general design; St. Mary's, at Oxford, has furnished the design for the main tower. The total length of the church is 160 feet. The opening will, so far as is known at present, take place in May.—Our view is from a photograph by Mr. Colin Lunn.

PEPYS AT THE PLAY

THE vast amount of theatrical information bequeathed by the gossiping Diarist of the Restoration is so interwoven with amusing social records that we are apt to lose sight of its definite historic importance in connection with the stage of that period. If, however, the Diary were stripped of all items but those strictly pertaining to the theatre, we should be in possession of a kind of dramatic digest far more illustrative and instructive than the works of many much more learned commentators. Wholly apart from the notices of some two hundred plays which he saw acted during the nine years covered by his entries, Pepys has left specific notes of many new departures in the form and conduct of the theatrical enterprise of his day. An interesting summary of this is recorded under date 12th February, 1667, when he had a long talk with Tom Killigrew (the original Patentee of Drury Lane), who told him that the audiences at his house were then not half as large as before the Fire of London. That Mrs. Knipp (one of the first and cleverest of English actresses) was so improving in her art that the management had insisted on raising her salary by an additional 30s. a year. That the stage had become by Killigrew's pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever theretofore. "Now, was candles, and many of them; then, not above 3lbs. of tallow. Now, all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear garden. Then, two or three fiddlers; now, nine or ten of the best. Then, nothing but rushes upon the ground, and everything else mean; now, all otherwise."

These and other improvements had necessarily to be paid for; and accordingly we find a noteworthy entry in the Diary on January 1st, 1668. "After dinner to the Duke of York's Playhouse. Here a mighty company of citizens, 'prentices and others; and it makes me observe that when I began first to be able to bestow a play on myself I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary 'prentices and mean people in the pit at 2s. 6d. a-piece as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12d. and then the 18d. places, though I strained hard to go in when I did; so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular." At this time the price of admission to the boxes was 4s., a great increase as compared with the rates of Elizabeth's reign, when a shilling only was charged for a place in the best boxes; the entrance money to pit and gallery being then sixpence, twopence, and a penny. But we may make Mr. Pepys our guide in matters still more important. The construction of the theatres, the introduction of moveable scenery, the superseding of boy actors by women—these and a number of like points are the subjects of many a graphic record in the immortal Diary.

On the 20th of November, 1660, Pepys saw the play of the *Beggar's Bush*, on which occasion it was acted entirely by male

performers. He saw it again on the 3rd of January, 1661, "it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage." It has been surmised that the substitution of women for boys in female characters was a matter of necessity, rather than of choice, inasmuch as the youths, who had been trained to this duty before the Rebellion, and the subsequent closing of the play-houses, had grown too masculine in appearance to resume their office at the Restoration. As a matter of fact, however, the time was ripe for the change, which had been partially made some years earlier. In the *Court Beggar*, acted in 1632, one of the characters is made to say: "The boy is a pretty actor, and his mother can play her part; women actors now grow in request." Three years before this, indeed, some French actresses are known to have played at Blackfriars. So great an innovation could of course only be effected gradually, and such actors as had been accustomed to play female characters still occasionally appeared in them.

Of these Kynaston was one of the most famous, and on August 18th, 1660, Pepys saw him act a female part in the *Lord's Subject*, when he made "the loveliest lady that I ever saw in my life." On January 7th, 1661, Kynaston also acted the *Silent Woman*; but, on the 12th of February following, the *Scornful Lady* was, as Pepys informs us, portrayed by a woman. Under date of October 11th, 1664, Pepys writes: "I am told that the *Parson's Wedding* is acted by nothing but women at the King's house;" a notable example of the new custom, this play having only a short time before been acted exclusively by men. In 1663 some twelve or fourteen actresses had securely established themselves in their novel vocation, of whom the "Mrs. Knipp" already mentioned was probably the foremost. Pepys describes her "as a most excellent mal-humoured thing" who delighted every one; "pretty enough, and sings most excellently." Of her "brute of a husband" the Diarist's opinion was obviously not so favourable; and he may doubtless have appeared as an "ill, melancholy, jealous-looking fellow," to the wits and gallants who courted the society of his clever wife.

The closing of the playhouses had also interfered with the development of the scenic art in England; and although Inigo Jones—the father of English scene-painters—had brought it to some perfection, it had hitherto been treated with scant respect at the public theatres.

In 1661, however, Pepys witnessed the reproduction of Davenant's comedy, *The Wits*, "never acted yet with scenes." A little later the same indefatigable playgoer saw *Hamlet*, "done with scenes very well;" and again he was present at the performance of *The Faithful Shepherdess*—"much thronged after, and often shown; but it is only for the scene's sake, which is very fine."

In October, 1667, Mr. Pepys took his seat in the boxes for the first time, and made the important discovery that the scenes appeared to much greater advantage than from the pit. With moveable scenes and gaily-attired women to act before them, the art of stage pageantry naturally received fresh impetus. Having recorded his opinion that an audience could now be attracted "only for the scene's sake," Pepys pronounces critically upon the new system. "I saw the so-much cried-up play of *Henry VIII.*, which though I went with resolution to like it, is so simple a thing made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done. Thence mightily dissatisfied."

Onancing one day in 1664 to sit by Tom Killigrew during the performance of *Bartholomew Fayre* at Drury Lane, that enterprising manager told Pepys "that he was setting up a nursery for actors; that is, was going to build a house in Moorfields wherein he will have common plays acted. But four operas it shall have in the year, to act six weeks at a time; where we shall have the best scenes and machines, the best musique, and everything as magnificent as is in Christendom; and to that end hath sent for voices and painters and other persons from Italy." Three years later, we find Signor Baptista providing an Italian "book" for an opera; and it is quite evident that Manager Killigrew moved before the times rather than with them. He had already, on April 8th, 1663, issued the first English playbill, which gave the names of such of "His Majesty's Company of Comedians" as were on that day to play in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, with those of the several characters assigned to them. From this document we learn that the play was to begin at three o'clock, a time which was of course adjusted in accordance with the early dinner-hour of the period.

The construction of the theatres had not materially advanced since the days of Shakespeare. The pit still continued open to the sky, only the stage and the boxes being covered with a tile roof; and more than one of Pepys' entries refers to the uncomfortable consequences of this arrangement. On June 1st, 1664, he writes:—"Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise, and all the house in a disorder." Again, on December 28th, 1666, he braved the elements in the gallery or upper boxes:—"I sat so high and far off, that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me."

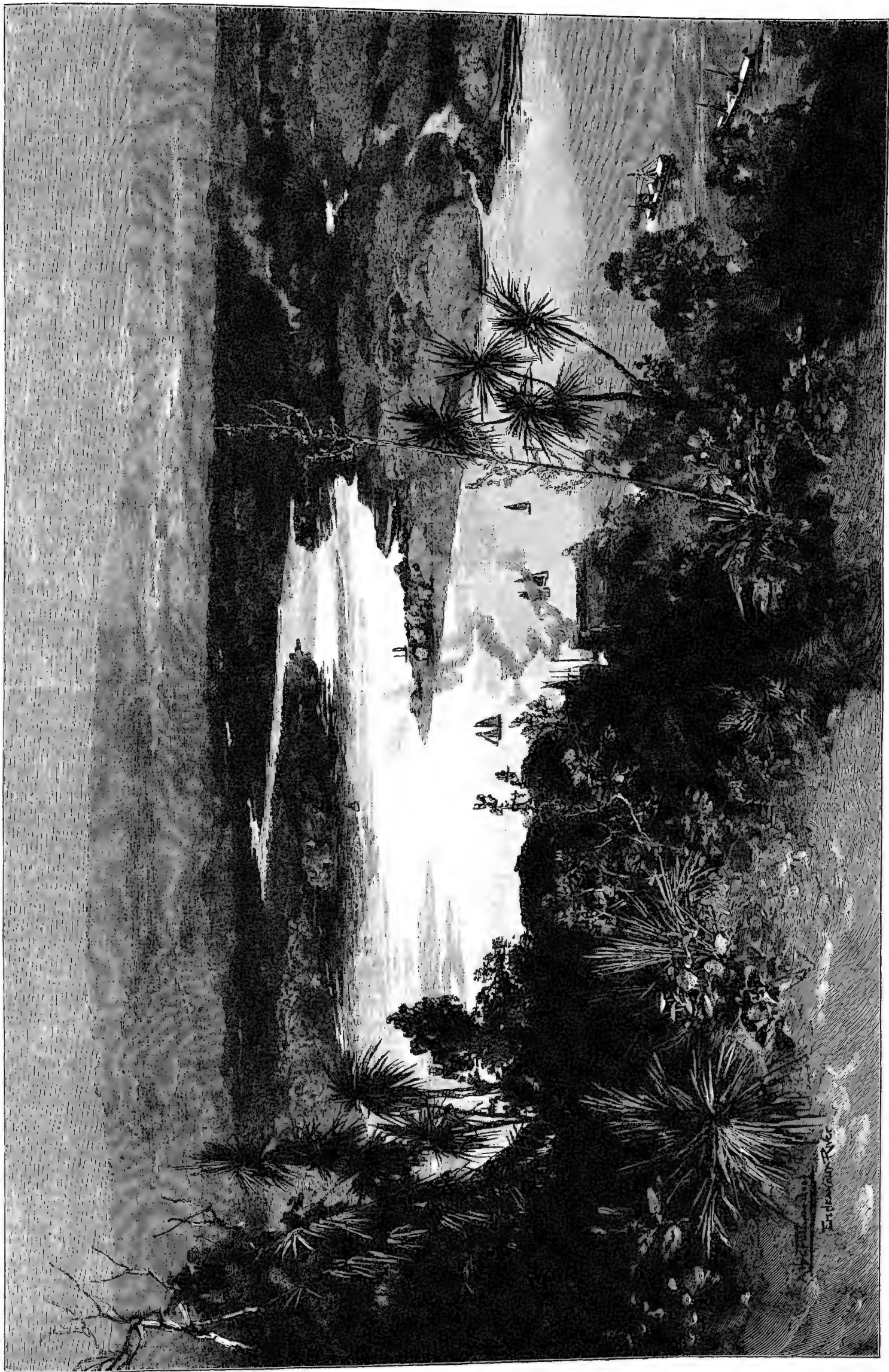
Of course Pepys refers to the use of vizards by the ladies among the audience; and having once seen a leader of fashion wear her's all through the play, forthwith takes his wife "to the Exchange to buy a vizard for herself." As for the gentlemen, he tells us that "the gallants do begin to be tyred with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors, who are indeed grown very proud and rich." Pepys makes repeated confession of his being troubled in mind on account of his "too much love of plays;" and his "registered vows" to limit himself in this indulgence are amusingly numerous. (One feeling the chronicles which will be shared by many a playgoer to-day. "Often on seeing a play the second or third time, I think it not so well done, or so good a play, as I formerly thought it." Again, he observes of a new comedy:—"It is good, though wronged by my own great expectations, as all things else are.")

C. W.

"NECKTIE SOCIABLES" are favourite gatherings among Transatlantic church congregations. To pay the expenses of the entertainment, or to raise funds for some charity, each guest is expected to buy a necktie, and the lady and gentleman who happen to choose similar ties are considered partners for the whole evening. The custom produces plenty of fun and flirtation, much to the vexation of the more strait-laced members.

THE MOUTH OF THE NEVA has undergone a considerable change within the last century and a half. Sand and mud have choked much of the river bed, and the lagoon separating Cronstadt from St. Petersburg is filling up so rapidly that before many years will be passed Cronstadt will no longer be built on an island, but will be joined to the capital by dry land. By that time the river will probably find its outlet south of Cronstadt.

THE CHINESE are invading Siberia in such numbers that the Russian Government have been obliged to take stringent measures against further immigration. Meanwhile the Celestials are still being smuggled into the United States, in company with considerable cargoes of opium. Swift vessels bring coolies and opium at night from Victoria, British Columbia, land their double cargo at some point in the United States' territory, and slip away before daylight. Owners can make a profit of 500s. on an easy twelve hours' trip.



THE ENDEAVOUR RIVER, NORTH QUEENSLAND
HERE CAPTAIN COOK LANDED ON HIS FIRST VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA

It is a singular coincidence that three great European Powers should be disturbed simultaneously by Ministerial crises. Having survived the danger of the previous week, the Tirard Administration in FRANCE was thought safe for the time, when suddenly it came to the ground over such mild difficulties as the Franco-Turkish Commercial Treaty, and the import duty on raisins. M. Tirard wished to fix the latter tax exceptionally high to protect French wine-growers, while, until the general re-organisation of Commercial Treaties in 1892, he suggested that France and Turkey should place each other on the footing of the most favoured nation, reviving an obsolete clause of the Peace Treaty of 1802. The Senate decided otherwise by a heavy adverse vote, so M. Tirard resigned forthwith, although no Premier had ever before considered a rebuff from the Senate sufficient ground for quitting office. However, M. Tirard knew that his days of power were numbered since M. Constans' defection, and had lost heart. Until recently, M. Méline, the Protectionist, and President of the Customs' Committee, had been considered safe for the next Premiership, but the Chamber now looks coldly on his policy, and M. Carnot was obliged to turn to M. de Freycinet, who becomes Premier for the fourth time. The new Cabinet is the twenty-sixth Ministry which has governed France during the nineteen and a-half years' existence of the Third Republic. M. de Freycinet wished to combine the Foreign Portfolio with the Premiership, but was persuaded to retain the War Ministry, so as to carry out the important reforms he had projected. Accordingly, the Foreign Ministry has been conferred on M. Ribot, a Conservative and Protectionist Republican of the Méline group, who has never yet held office. M. Constans returns to the Interior; his successor, M. Bourgeois, shifts to Public Instruction; M.M. Rouvier, Yves Guyot, and Barbey remain at the head of Finance, Public Works, and the Navy; and M.M. Fallières, Develle, and Roche take the portfolios of Justice, Agriculture, and Commerce. M. Roche, like M. Ribot, is new to office, and is a great financial authority. The new Ministry presented their programme to the Chamber on Tuesday, and, though containing no great novelty, the declaration was fairly well received. It is strongly Protectionist, and includes the usual promises of economic and social reforms, while appealing to all Republicans for their united support. Great curiosity is expressed whether M. Constans will now carry out his former wish to release the Duc d'Orléans, whose reserved attitude in prison has certainly strengthened the Royalist cause. The Duc wrote to a friend condemning the agitation for his release, as "prison is better than exile, for it is French soil," words which have exactly taken the popular fancy. Now, the Comte de Paris, on returning to Europe, telegraphs that he entirely approves his son's conduct, and will express his approval by sending the Comtesse to Clairvaux. Another important question is deferred—a *modus vivendi* having

DEATH OF DR. WYLDE.—Dr. Henry Wylde, Gresham Professor of Music, died somewhat suddenly at his London residence on the 13th inst. Born in 1822 at Bushey, the son of Mr. Henry Wylde, Gentleman in Ordinary to Her Majesty, the late Professor was originally intended for the Church, but subsequently became a pupil of Moscheles and Cipriani Potter. In 1850, by "accumulation of degrees," he became Mus. Doc. Cantab. and he was a member of the musical jury at the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862. In 1853 he started the famous but now defunct New Philharmonic Concerts, Berlioz being the conductor of the first, and Spohr and Lindpainter of the two succeeding seasons. It was at these concerts that Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* and afterwards, under Dr. Wylde's direction, Wagner's *Lohengrin* were heard for the first time. Dr.

Wyl succeeded Edward Taylor as Graham Professor in 1863. His numerous compositions have gained little or no success, but he was a well-known writer on musical subjects in the public Press, and was the founder of the London Academy of Music.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—Dr. Joachim made his only appearance at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, when he played, with that excellent artist M. Gillet, Brahms' Double Concerto for violin and violoncello, Op. 102, one of the Vienna master's most graceful compositions, and for solo Bach's Chaconne. The symphony was Haydn's in E flat, No. 10 of the Salomon set. Miss Alice Whitacre, the vocalist, was deservedly applauded in two songs by Dvorák. At the Popular Concerts on Saturday Madame Backer-Gröndahl and Lady Hallé played, and Mrs. Henschel sang.—On Monday Schubert's noble quintet in C, Op. 163, opened the programme, which included songs for Miss Liza Lehmann and Sgambati's Brahms-like pianoforte quintet in B flat, a companion work to a quintet in F minor, which had already been heard at one of Mr. Casini's concerts and elsewhere. Sgambati, although the son of an Italian advocate, has some kinship to this country, his mother being an English lady, and the daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Gott, a London sculptor, who had for some years practised his profession at Rome.—The St. Patrick's Irish Concerts demand no detailed notice, except that at St. James's Hall, on Saturday, there were no fewer than sixteen *encores*, while at the Albert Hall, on Monday, owing to the appeal first published in the *Daily Graphic* by Mr. Sims Reeves (who, owing to illness, was replaced by Mr. M'Kay) *encores* were strictly forbidden.—Dvorák's *Sabat Mater* was performed on Monday by the Borough of Hackney Choral Association. Concerts have also been given by Mr. Coenen, the Strolling Players, Mr. Marmaduke Barton. Mr. Leonard Forbes-Robertson, Miss Dorothy Hanbury, Miss Florence May, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Among the works chosen at a special meeting of the Bristol Festival Committee for the celebration next October are the *Redemption*, *Judith*, and the *Golden Legend*. Madame Albani is engaged as the principal artist.—We learn that the Birmingham Festival Authorities have practically decided to start next year a subscription for serial tickets upon the plan so successfully followed at the Leeds Festival. The proposal to alter the date of the Festival from August to October is still under consideration.—Sir Charles and Lady Hallé will, before their departure for Australia, be entertained at Messrs. Broadwood's on April 2nd, and afterwards at a banquet at the New Gallery.—Dr. Von Bülow sails this week for the United States, where he will give a fresh series of concerts this spring.—Dr. Joachim and Madame Schumann have promised to assist at a concert to be given at Bonn in aid of the Beethoven Exhibition, which it is proposed to hold in the house where the master was born.—Madame Patti will sail from New York for Europe on the 23rd prox.—The litigation between Miss Agnes Huntington and the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company has been happily settled upon terms satisfactory to both parties, but (saying as to the fact that the lady will not reappear in London this year) of no concern to the public.



THE TURF.—On Monday next the saddling-bell at Lincoln will once more announce the opening of the flat-racing season, and thereafter, till the end of November, the racing-man will have but little rest. On Wednesday, the Lincolnshire Handicap is run, and we may note that at the time of writing Laureate and Sweet Briar were first and second favourites. On Thursday the Liverpool Meeting begins. For the Grand National, to be run on Friday, Alex still maintains his position at the head of the quotations, Bellona and Why Not being next in demand. There has been racing at Windsor, Plumpton, and Derby since we last wrote, but nothing calling for comment, while our notice of the opening meeting of the Hurst Park Club on Wednesday must be deferred till next week.

ROWING.—All things considered, and although the betting has never, up to the time of writing, pointed to such a result, we are inclined to think that Cambridge will win the Boat Race. When favoured by wind and tide, they have done faster times than Oxford under similar circumstances, and they have performed better against the scratch crews opposed to them. Above all, there seems, as has often been the case of late years, to be more "plug" in the Light Blue boat than the Dark Blue. On the other hand the Oxford "form"—and this also is usually noticeable—is superior to that of their rivals, and if it comes to a close finish they may last better. So there is plenty of room for that unexpected which always happens. A good deal of adverse comment has been caused by the presence in the Cambridge boat of such very old "Blues" as Messrs. Gardner and Muttelbury. So long as Oxford does not complain—and having been tarred with the same brush in former years she could not do so with a good grace—there is no occasion for outsiders to cavil. Nevertheless, we think it would be a good thing to arrange in future that no athlete should represent his University in any contest for more than four years from the date of his matriculation.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—The Universities, as usual, meet for their annual encounter at the Queen's Club on the day before the Boat Race—on Tuesday next, that is to say. On the form exhibited at home, the Cantabs were thought to have an almost certain chance of victory. Some of their champions have been laid up from various causes, however, and there is now every prospect of a good fight.

BILIARDS.—Nothing that Roberts has ever done is more remarkable than his play in the match with Richards on a Championship table. The record-break he surpassed several times, compiling, among others, 215, 224, and 225. Still more remarkable, perhaps, was his run of fifty consecutive spots. Peall will have to look to his laurels should the Champion revert to all-in play on an ordinary table. Indeed, we should like to see such a match between the pair arranged on even terms. Next week they meet in a spot-barred match, Roberts conceding 4,500 points out of 12,000. Judging by Peall's form against Dowland and all other opponents this season, the Champion will have to do all he knows to win.

FOOTBALL.—The League competition assumed an interesting phase on Saturday, when Everton defeated Derby County, and so drew level with Preston North End, who could only make a draw of it with Accrington. Each of the leading teams has one more match to play. England inflicted a severe defeat on Ireland, and a slight one on "gallant little Wales." Ireland also succumbed to England at the Rugby game on the same day. Of other Association matches, we may note that Queen's Park easily defeated a weak team of Blackburn Rovers, and that the Old Westminsters (emphatically the best of the Southern clubs this year) beat Clapton in the semi-final of the London Charity Cup. The London Association has decided not to form a League, we are glad to say.

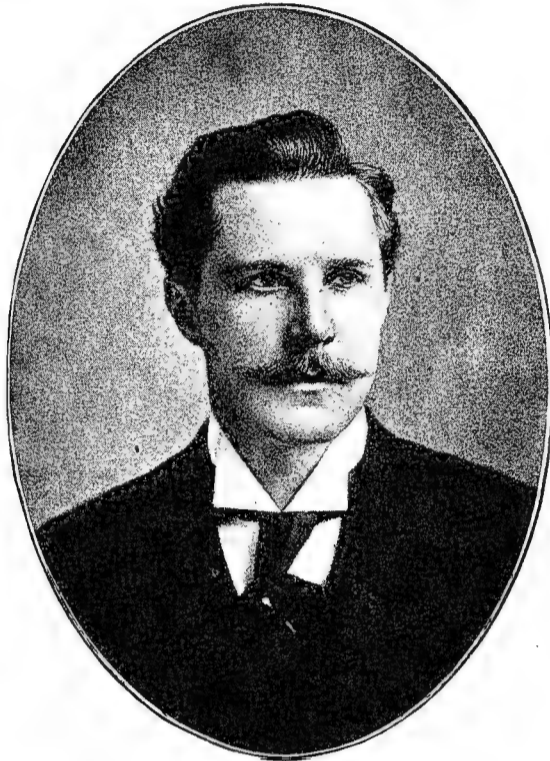
CRICKET.—The London County Council, at its meeting on Tuesday, approved of a series of recommendations from the Parks and Open Spaces Committee for the better organisation of cricket-playing in the Council's parks and open spaces. At present first-class secure the best pitches, and the other players cluster round

them in close proximity. The unregulated appropriation of the pitches, the Committee are of opinion, destroys the turf, and the excessive crowding together of players is a source of danger. They think that some restrictions should be placed on the number of games played in any one locality; and with this and other objects they have framed a code of rules for cricket-playing in the parks, &c.

LAWN TENNIS.—At the Queen's Club last week the Gentlemen's Open Singles fell to H. S. Barlow, who defeated the veteran E. G. Meers in the final, after a good match; while the Ladies' Championship was won by Miss Jacks.

THE NEW M.P.'S

MR. HENRY JOHN COCKAYNE CUST, the new Unionist member for the Stamford Division of Lincolnshire, is, like his defeated Gladstonian opponent, Mr. Priestley, a young man; also like Mr. Priestley, he had been for some time before the constituency in anticipation of the elevation to the Bench of the late member, Mr. Lawrance, now a Judge of the High Court of Justice. Mr. Cust,



MR. HENRY JOHN COCKAYNE CUST, (C)
M.P. for the Stamford Division of Lincolnshire

who is a cousin of Earl Brownlow, Lord-Lieutenant of the County is the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Francis Cockayne Cust formerly M.P. for Grantham, of Cockayne Hatley, Bedfordshire which he inherits. He was born in 1861, and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He won the seat by a majority of 282, polling 4,236 votes to Mr. Priestley's 3,954.

MR. GEORGE LEVESON GOWER, the new Gladstonian member for Stoke-on-Trent, is the only son of the Hon. Edward F. Leveson Gower, some time M.P. for Derby, and afterwards for Stoke-on-Trent, on which he has thus a sort of hereditary claim. His mother was a daughter of the second Marquis of Northampton, and he is



MR. GEORGE GRANVILLE LEVESON-GOWER (G)
M.P. for Stoke-upon-Trent

the grandson of the first Marquis of Stafford and nephew of Earl Granville. Born in 1858, he was educated at Eton and Oxford, in 1880 graduating in honours. He was for a time Private Secretary to Mr. Gladstone, whom he accompanied during his trip to Norway. He sat for North-West Staffordshire in the Parliament of 1885, and was a Junior Lord of the Treasury in Mr. Gladstone's short-lived Administration of 1886. In that year he lost his seat, and unsuccessfully contested East Marylebone with Mr. Boulnois in July last year, when a vacancy arose through the resignation of Lord Charles Beresford. At the election for Stoke last week he defeated the Liberal Unionist candidate by 1,231, polling 4,157 votes to Mr. Allen's 2,926.

A PUBLIC MEETING ON BEHALF OF THE COMING ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION was held at the Mansion House on Thursday. The Lord Mayor presided, and numerous military authorities urged the importance of the approaching display, which is to be opened at Chelsea on May 7th, by the Prince and Princess of Wales.



THE UNKNOWN ROCK IN TORRES STRAITS which caused the loss of the *Quetta* has been discovered. It is sixteen feet under water.

FOREIGN WOMEN STUDENTS will no longer be admitted to Bâle University, owing to the political intrigues of several Russian ladies following the University course.

A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBITION OF TOYS opens at St. Petersburg next month. Some very curious playthings will be shown, including historical souvenirs, and several most ingenious Asiatic toys.

THE TABLE ON WHICH OLIVER CROMWELL SIGNED THE DEATH-WARRANT OF CHARLES I. has been sold at Lyme Regis for 142l. It is an oaken table, and certificates vouch for its identity.

INTENSE HEAT has lately prevailed in Victoria. For many days the temperature reached from 90 deg. to 100 deg. in the shade, and from 150 deg. to 160 deg. in the sun, so that business was interrupted. Old Australians have never known such a continuance of tropical hot weather.

AN INTERESTING BOAT RACE will be rowed off Greenhithe in June, between the cadets of the nautical training-ships *Worcester* and *Conway*, stationed respectively in the Thames and the Mersey. The contest is to be made an annual affair, and the cadets will row two miles in six-oared gigs fit for sea service.

THE MINUTE DETAILS OF GERMAN COURT LIFE are studied by Emperor William as zealously as important social problems. Now, his Majesty considers that the dress of the minor Court functionaries does not correspond with the dignity of the Sovereign they serve, so he will shortly issue a decree regulating their costume.

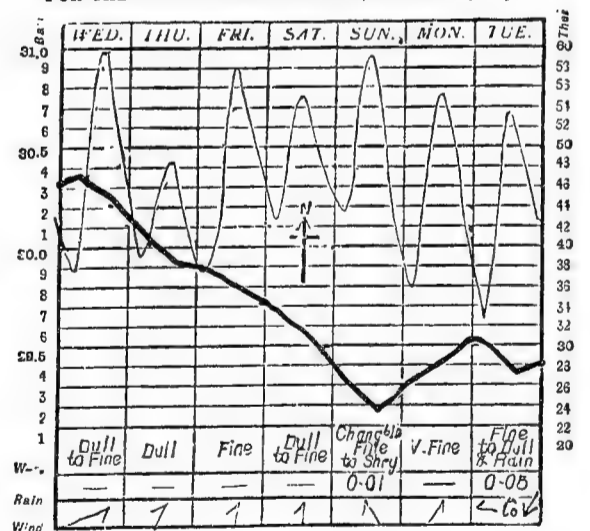
ICELAND suffers considerably from emigration to America, which has reduced the population by 2,400 inhabitants within the last three years. The Icelanders have another grievance in the encroachment of the English fishing steamers, which put down their lines within the territorial waters and nearly block the entrances to the smaller fjords. Otherwise the fishermen prosper fairly, after introducing many improvements into their business. They now carry oil to smooth the waves.

THE TWO FAMOUS RUBENS IN ANTWERP CATHEDRAL—"The Descent from the Cross" and "The Elevation of the Cross"—are likely to be removed from their old home to join the splendid collection of the painter's works in the new Antwerp Museum. The pictures are deteriorating steadily in their present quarters through damp, &c., and an immediate change is necessary if the masterpieces are to retain their glory. However, as the Cathedral reaps some 800l. yearly from showing the Rubens, the State will be obliged to compensate the ecclesiastical authorities for the loss.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased considerably last week. The deaths numbered 1,771 against 1,889 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 118, and 95 below the average, the death-rate reaching only 20.9 per 1,000. Fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs are at last diminishing, and fell to 447—a decrease of 63, and 69 below the average, while the casualties from influenza were only 11—a decline of 12. There were 86 deaths from whooping-cough (a fall of 9), 35 from measles (similar to last week), 25 from diphtheria (an increase of 6), 18 from scarlet-fever (a rise of 6), 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an advance of 5), 3 from enteric fever (a decrease of 1), and 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever. Different forms of violence caused 76 deaths. There were 2,717 births registered—an increase of 181, yet 208 under the usual return.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (18th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of this week was rough and unsettled from time to time in the North and West, but fair or fine and spring-like in most other localities. During the early part of the time pressure was lowest in the extreme North-East, and highest to the Southward of our Islands, with gradients for strong South-Westerly winds or moderate gales over the Western and Northern portions of the United Kingdom, and light Westerly to Southerly breezes elsewhere. Showers were experienced in the West and North, while in most other parts of the British Islands dull to fine weather prevailed alternately with somewhat fitful changes in temperature from day to day. On the whole, however, the days were fairly warm. In the course of Saturday and Sunday (15th and 16th inst.) some rather deep V-shaped depressions advanced from the Westward to our shores, and these moving North-Eastwards, or directly across our Islands, produced Southerly or South-Easterly winds or gales over the greater part of the country, with very heavy rainfall over Central and Southern Ireland. In the extreme South-East of England, however, the weather remained fair or fine. At the close of the week the lowest pressures were found in a shallow depression off the West of Ireland, and moderate to light gradients for Southerly or South-Easterly breezes were very general. The sky was clear or partially so in nearly all places, and temperature ruled above the average very generally. The highest temperatures of the week, which were chiefly registered on Wednesday (12th inst.), reached or slightly exceeded 60° in several parts of the United Kingdom; the absolute highest were 63° at Aberdeen, and 62° at Cambridge, Sunday (16th inst.). The lowest readings, which occurred on Tuesday (18th inst.) morning showed slight frost pretty generally.

The barometer was highest (30.35 inches) on Wednesday (12th inst.); lowest (29.18 inches) on Sunday (16th inst.); range 1.17 inch.

The temperature was highest (59°) on Sunday (16th inst.); lowest (33°) on Tuesday (18th inst.); range 26°.

Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.06 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.05 inch on Tuesday (18th inst.).

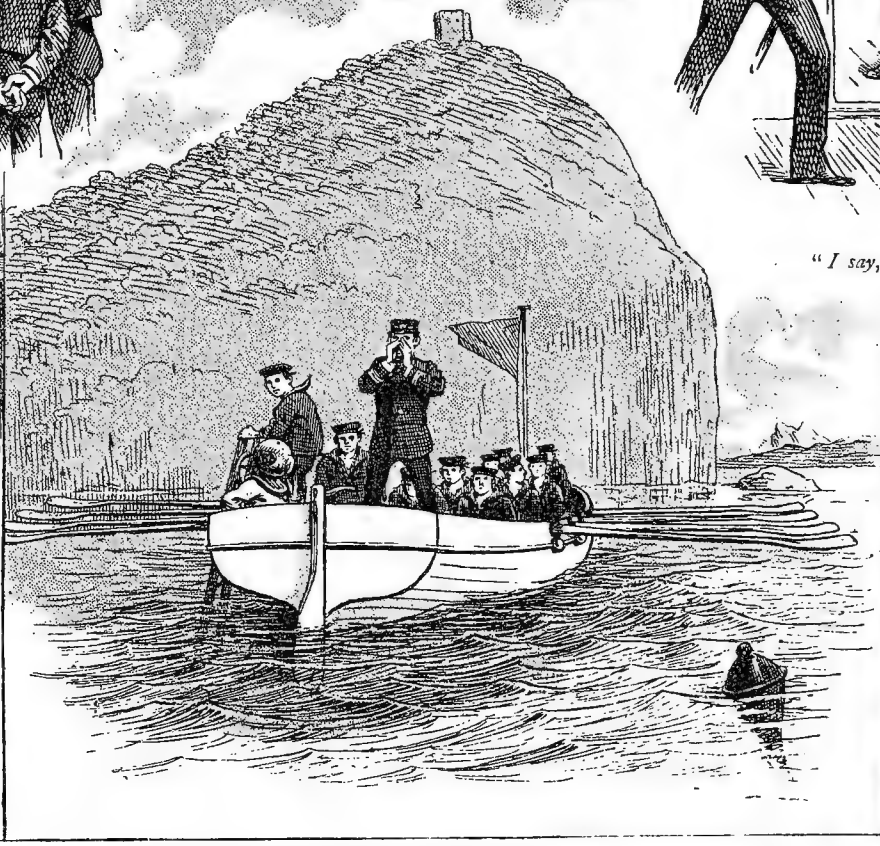
INFLUENZA IN THE Channel Fleet



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT: "Here, you youngsters, the Captain can't stand your snuffing, you must go below"



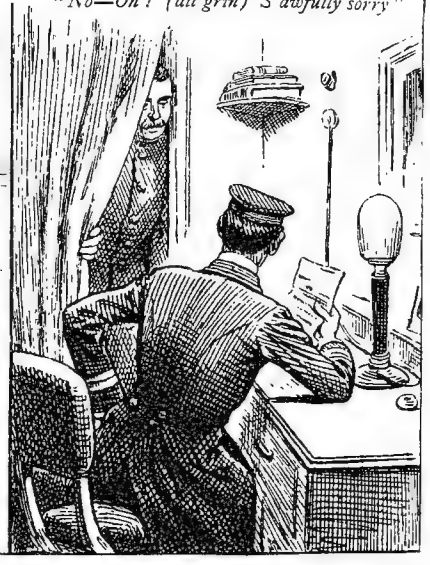
ANXIOUS ENQUIRY: "Any more down this morning?"—"Yes, Sir; Mr. Jones, Sir; next your cabin, Sir"



SEVERE CASE: "The Diver, Sir, can't keep his helmet on for sneezing"



"I say, Naval Instructor's got it"
"No—Oh! (all grin) S'awfully sorry"



"Can you lend Mr. Saye another dozen handkerchiefs, Sir?"—"No, that I can't; but he is welcome to some new large size bath-towels, and some blotting paper"

LIGHTING UP



IN FULL BLAST
HOW THE BRITON AMUSES HIMSELF ABROAD—A CIGAR RACE

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£15. OCTAVE COTTAGE PIANOS, re-
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FOR £20, THOMAS
OETZMANN and CO. will pack
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COTTAGE PIANOS, full compass 7
octaves, powerful rich tone, and
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Piano Makers by Appointment to the Queen.
BROADWOOD & SONS
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Have supplied the Court from the reign of George II.
Newly introduced Pianos of the finest quality.
Close to GREAT PORTLAND STREET (Close to
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BORDS PIANOS ON SALE, with
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ORGANS. Absolute Sale. Fifty per cent.
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Pianos 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c.
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Class 3. 23 gs. Class 4. 26 gs. Class 5. 29 gs.
Class 6. 32 gs. Class 7. 35 gs. Class 8. 38 gs.
Class 9. 41 gs. Class 10. 44 gs. Class 11. 47 gs.
Class 12. 50 gs. Class 13. 53 gs. Class 14. 56 gs.
Class 15. 59 gs. Class 16. 62 gs. Class 17. 65 gs.
Class 18. 68 gs. Class 19. 71 gs. Class 20. 74 gs.
Class 21. 77 gs. Class 22. 80 gs. Class 23. 83 gs.
Class 24. 86 gs. Class 25. 89 gs. Class 26. 92 gs.
Class 27. 95 gs. Class 28. 98 gs. Class 29. 101 gs.
Class 30. 104 gs. Class 31. 107 gs. Class 32. 110 gs.
Class 33. 113 gs. Class 34. 116 gs. Class 35. 119 gs.
Class 36. 122 gs. Class 37. 125 gs. Class 38. 128 gs.
Class 39. 131 gs. Class 40. 134 gs. Class 41. 137 gs.
Class 42. 140 gs. Class 43. 143 gs. Class 44. 146 gs.
Class 45. 149 gs. Class 46. 152 gs. Class 47. 155 gs.
Class 48. 158 gs. Class 49. 161 gs. Class 50. 164 gs.
Class 51. 167 gs. Class 52. 170 gs. Class 53. 173 gs.
Class 54. 176 gs. Class 55. 179 gs. Class 56. 182 gs.
Class 57. 185 gs. Class 58. 188 gs. Class 59. 191 gs.
Class 60. 194 gs. Class 61. 197 gs. Class 62. 200 gs.
Class 63. 203 gs. Class 64. 206 gs. Class 65. 209 gs.
Class 66. 212 gs. Class 67. 215 gs. Class 68. 218 gs.
Class 69. 221 gs. Class 70. 224 gs. Class 71. 227 gs.
Class 72. 230 gs. Class 73. 233 gs. Class 74. 236 gs.
Class 75. 239 gs. Class 76. 242 gs. Class 77. 245 gs.
Class 78. 248 gs. Class 79. 251 gs. Class 80. 254 gs.
Class 81. 257 gs. Class 82. 260 gs. Class 83. 263 gs.
Class 84. 266 gs. Class 85. 269 gs. Class 86. 272 gs.
Class 87. 275 gs. Class 88. 278 gs. Class 89. 281 gs.
Class 90. 284 gs. Class 91. 287 gs. Class 92. 290 gs.
Class 93. 293 gs. Class 94. 296 gs. Class 95. 299 gs.
Class 96. 302 gs. Class 97. 305 gs. Class 98. 308 gs.
Class 99. 311 gs. Class 100. 314 gs. Class 101. 317 gs.
Class 102. 320 gs. Class 103. 323 gs. Class 104. 326 gs.
Class 105. 329 gs. Class 106. 332 gs. Class 107. 335 gs.
Class 108. 338 gs. Class 109. 341 gs. Class 110. 344 gs.
Class 111. 347 gs. Class 112. 350 gs. Class 113. 353 gs.
Class 114. 356 gs. Class 115. 359 gs. Class 116. 362 gs.
Class 117. 365 gs. Class 118. 368 gs. Class 119. 371 gs.
Class 120. 374 gs. Class 121. 377 gs. Class 122. 380 gs.
Class 123. 383 gs. Class 124. 386 gs. Class 125. 389 gs.
Class 126. 392 gs. Class 127. 395 gs. Class 128. 398 gs.
Class 129. 401 gs. Class 130. 404 gs. Class 131. 407 gs.
Class 132. 410 gs. Class 133. 413 gs. Class 134. 416 gs.
Class 135. 419 gs. Class 136. 422 gs. Class 137. 425 gs.
Class 138. 428 gs. Class 139. 431 gs. Class 140. 434 gs.
Class 141. 437 gs. Class 142. 440 gs. Class 143. 443 gs.
Class 144. 446 gs. Class 145. 449 gs. Class 146. 452 gs.
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Class 150. 464 gs. Class 151. 467 gs. Class 152. 470 gs.
Class 153. 473 gs. Class 154. 476 gs. Class 155. 479 gs.
Class 156. 482 gs. Class 157. 485 gs. Class 158. 488 gs.
Class 159. 491 gs. Class 160. 494 gs. Class 161. 497 gs.
Class 162. 500 gs. Class 163. 503 gs. Class 164. 506 gs.
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Class 186. 572 gs. Class 187. 575 gs. Class 188. 578 gs.
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Class 615. 1859 gs. Class 616. 1862 gs. Class 617. 1865 gs.
Class 618. 1868 gs. Class 619. 1871 gs. Class 620. 1874 gs.
Class 621. 1877 gs. Class 622. 1880 gs. Class 623. 1883 gs.
Class 624. 1886 gs. Class 625. 1889 gs. Class 626. 1892 gs.
Class 627. 1895 gs. Class 628. 1898 gs. Class 629. 1901 gs.
Class 630. 1904 gs. Class 631. 1907 gs. Class 632. 1910 gs.
Class 633. 1913 gs. Class 634. 1916 gs. Class 635. 1919 gs.
Class 636. 1922 gs. Class 637. 1925 gs. Class 638. 1928 gs.
Class 639. 1931 gs. Class 640. 1934 gs. Class 641. 1937 gs.
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Class 660. 1994 gs. Class 661. 1997 gs. Class 662. 2000 gs.
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Class 669. 2021 gs. Class 670. 2024 gs. Class 671. 2027 gs.
Class 672. 2030 gs. Class 673. 2033 gs. Class 674. 2036 gs.
Class 675. 2039 gs. Class 676. 2042 gs. Class 677. 2045 gs.
Class 678. 2048 gs. Class 679. 2051 gs. Class 680. 2054 gs.
Class 681. 2057 gs. Class 682. 2060 gs. Class 683. 2063 gs.
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Class 696. 2102 gs. Class 697. 2105 gs. Class 698. 2108 gs.
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Class 750. 2264 gs. Class 751. 2267 gs. Class 752. 2270 gs.
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Class 780. 2354 gs. Class 781. 2357 gs. Class 782. 2360 gs.
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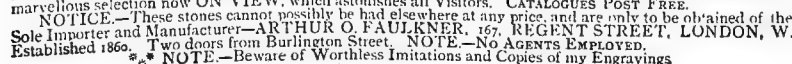
A STRANGE CASE of what looked very like attempted parricide has been tried at Stafford. The father of the prisoner, a young man of nineteen, had driven with his wife to Cheadle. They were nearly at home on their return journey a little before midnight, when an explosion was heard, and he fell forward very severely wounded. A number of circumstances combined to indicate that the shot had been fired by the son, although no motive whatever was assignable for the crime. He was found guilty, and, on account of his youth, he escaped the maximum punishment, being sentenced to eight years' penal servitude.

The performances at DRURY LANE for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund, on Monday afternoon, yielded something like

Poor Mr. John Maclean's sudden death, at the age of fifty-five, has given a great shock to his professional brethren and friends. He was an excellent actor, if not an actor of the highest rank. His most important recent appearance was as Sir Peter Teazle at the VAUDEVILLE.

Then there is a new silk by Bonnet, of Lyons, made especially and solely for J. & W. adapted for domestic wearing. In the mending department the firm has some beautiful nun's veilings of exquisite texture, with penguinlike stripes in various widths, also canvas grenadine with rings, stripes, and floral patterns; and last, but not least, the lovely material called "Æolian," which, though extremely fine and thin, is not transparent. The patterns in this material are woven in silk, and are beautiful and late in material.—*Court Circular*, March 8, 1890.

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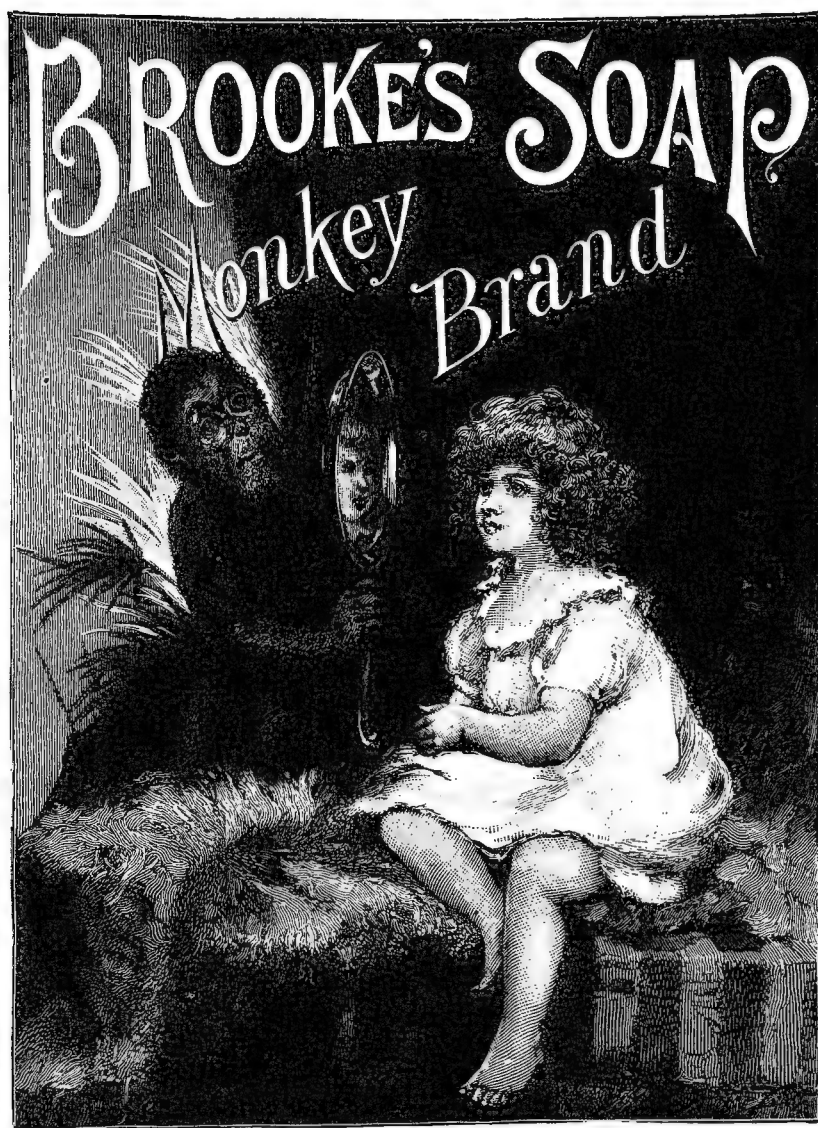
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THE SEASON.—The flowering almond in the garden, the cheerful show of crocuses in the parterre witness to an early season, and the daffodils, the wood anemones, and the earlier varieties of hyacinths are all trusting their frail existences to the March air. The season has a kindly note about it in the fresh and healthy character of the westerly breezes which have been bringing us the pure soft air of the great Atlantic without the accompaniment of heavy rainfall, which is the price that has usually to be paid. The agricultural prospect is satisfactory. The November wheat is thoroughly well rooted, while early February sowings are now well up, and show a good colour and regular growth. A substantial beginning has been made with spring sowings of barley, beans, and peas, and within the past week farmers have been hurrying to market to provide themselves with seeding oats.

WHEAT.—The Board of Agriculture have published their first estimate of the British grain crops in 1889. The delay between the January estimate and that published on March 15th is explained by the new and fresh returns, giving the yield per acre together with the total acreage and total yield in each county. The general effect of the information now given is to show that Scotland and Northern and Western England had excellent wheat crops, while parts of the South of England had very fair luck. The Midland and Eastern Counties were far less fortunate. The three counties growing most wheat were: Lincoln, 7,146,000 bushels; Yorkshire, 5,300,000 bushels; and Norfolk, 5,186,000 bushels; while the three devoting the most land to wheat were also Lincoln, 234,000 acres; Yorkshire, 170,000 acres; and Norfolk 167,000 acres. But the three growing most corn to the acre were Cumberland, 34·43 bushels; Middlesex, 34·10 bushels; and Sussex, 32·95 bushels. The county growing least wheat was not Rutland, but Westmoreland; Monmouth and Hereford had the smallest return to the acre.

BARLEY exceeded an average yield in Yorkshire, Devon, Dorset, Shropshire, Somersetshire, Wiltshire, Chester, Cumberland, Durham, Lancaster, Northumberland, Westmoreland, but was a more or less deficient yield in all the other counties. Quality, however, was better than in 1888. The three counties growing most barley were Yorkshire, 6,900,000 bushels; Norfolk, 6,748,000 bushels; and Suffolk, 6,270,000 bushels. These three nearly tie for first place, and no other county is seriously in the running with them, Essex coming fourth, with 3,169,000 bushels. The counties devoting most land to barley are these four, each of which has over a hundred thousand acres under the maltsters' crop. The best return per acre is obtained in Kent, 37·57 bushels; in Dorset, 36·73 bushels; and in Northumberland, 36·44 bushels. Districts growing only little barley are Chester, Cumberland, Derby, Lancaster, and Westmoreland; and the yield per acre seems to be unremunerative in Huntingdon. Rutland, Hereford, and Monmouth.

OATS were a decidedly good crop in 1889. Not only did Ireland have over an average yield, but Great Britain grew 113,441,397 bushels, a hundred and ten millions being reckoned a full crop. The three counties which are pre-eminent for oat growing in England are Yorkshire, which produces 11,500,000 bushels, Lincoln, which grows 4,927,000 bushels, and Devonshire, which last year had a crop of 3,797,000 bushels. Other counties which grow oats

extensively are Cambridge, Essex, Hertford, Norfolk, Berkshire, Buckingham, Hampshire, Kent, Notts, Oxford, Sussex, Cornwall, Dorset, Shropshire, Wiltshire, Cheshire, Cumberland, Derby, Durham, Lancaster, Northumberland, and Stafford. Oats are the chief cereal crop of the poorer lands, but some of the most scientific farmers grow them with care on fit soil, and these agriculturists get a return of 61·82 bushels as in Cambridge, 51·16 bushels as in Middlesex, and 50·86 bushels as in Kent. The counties where oats did not thrive last year were seemingly Rutland, Cumberland, and all the Eastern coast.

BEANS and PEAS do not gain in favour with English farmers. There is no English county which produces a million bushels of either crop, and the yield per acre of late years has been almost uniformly disappointing. In 1880 the three counties growing beans most extensively were—Essex, 960,332 bushels; Suffolk, 884,263 bushels; and Lincoln, 822,090 bushels. The counties where less than a hundred acres were under beans were Cornwall, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. Beans go black and suffer from fungoid diseases in a wet and musty air. The yield per acre is largest in Northumberland, 31·79 bushels, and in Middlesex, 36·34 bushels; smallest in Cornwall, where it is only 21·45 bushels. Peas are grown most extensively in Suffolk, 656,085 bushels; Essex, 637,508 bushels; Yorkshire, 568,000 bushels; Kent, 565,000 bushels; and Lincoln, 510,000 bushels. Last year the yield for the whole country was 26·28 bushels only, but in Middlesex 34·22 bushels was the mean. Surrey grew 30·72; Kent 29·50 bushels to the acre.

ROOTS AND FODDER.—The yield of potatoes for Great Britain in 1889 is finally returned at 3,587,765 tons, or 6·9 tons to the acre. This is slightly over an average crop. The best yields were in Cumberland (7·69 tons), Derby (8·30 tons), Rutland (7·11 tons), and Westmoreland (7·18 tons). The rainy summer and dry autumn suited the Midland and Northern counties in this respect. Sussex, Surrey, and Hampshire had very poor crops. Turnips yielded 28,097,263 tons, against an average of 30,000,000. There were, however, large yields in Lancashire and Westmoreland. Mangolds yielded 6,118,639 tons, a bare acreage bulk, but of unusually fine quality and nutritious value. Especially good returns are made by the farmers of Cambridge, Cornwall, Derby, Dorset, Gloucester, Kent, Lancashire, Lincoln, Middlesex, Shropshire, Somerset, Stafford, Westmoreland, Wiltshire, and Worcestershire, so that few districts have been wholly without luck. The hay crop is put at 4,147,000 tons, with over two tons per acre averaged in Bucks, Lancashire, and Westmoreland.

THE PRICES OF SHORTHORNS as averaged from the recent annual sale at Birmingham were as follows:—Two-year heifers, 46*l.* 9*s.*; yearling heifers, 29*l.* 13*s.*; heifer calves, 31*l.* 16*s.*; bulls over a year old, 35*l.*; and the Champion class (ten to twenty-one months old), 113*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; bull calves averaged 31*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* These prices are encouraging, and do not show any decline in favour of the famous North-country breed.

THE HEREFORD HORSE SOCIETY held their first Show for the current year on March 5th. Mr. Giles took first prize for thoroughbred stallions, and also for Shire stallions. Mr. J. Bazley was the principal winner in the agricultural classes. The Show was fairly successful, and we trust the Society will persevere. Its effect should ultimately be to improve considerably the character of the horses bred in the West of England.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—A meeting was held on March 11th at Bangor, with a view to promoting the teaching of dairy farming in North Wales. The sum of 600*l.* was subscribed, and a Government grant of 400*l.* was announced. This money will enable a travelling dairy to be maintained, as well as the three fixed

dairy schools of Denbigh, Bangor, and Welshpool. A Committee was formed and a resolution carried in favour of its granting graduated certificates of proficiency to pupils. The Committee intend to interview the different County Councils with a view to the establishment of county dairy schools, and a common Sustentation Fund for the travelling school.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Suffolk Stallion Show is held to-day (March 21) at Woodbridge.—The Agricultural Show at Rochester, of the Bath and West of England and Southern Counties' Association on June 5th and four following days, is expected to be one of the largest ever held in Kent.—A meeting was held last week at Dorchester to protest against the depredations of the sparrow. A Committee has been formed to offer a reward of 2*d.* a dozen for birds.—The cuckoo is said to have been heard near Birkenhead on March 12.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

WE are glad to find that Messrs. Thacker and Co. (Calcutta) have issued a fourth edition of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses." They certainly deserved to be known outside that circle of the Anglo-Indian public whose eager appreciation has exhausted, so we understand, three editions, with the exception of a few copies. The poems, of course, appeal mostly to the Englishmen of the tropical Crown colonies and of our great Oriental dependency, and as they are saturated with the social atmosphere and life of those who, amid subject populations, hold high the English name, are less perhaps for those who live at home at ease: though, in his three-verse prologue, Mr. Kipling says:—

I have written the tale of our life,
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.

Any number of these compositions are full of humorous social satire. We may instance among the rest, "Study of an Elevated Indian in Indian Ink," "A Legend of the Foreign Office," "The Post that Fitted," "What Happened," and so on. The mixture of good taste and raciness will be *caviare* alike to Mrs. Grundy and that curious literary excrescence the "realist." A fair specimen of Mr. Kipling's playful irony may be taken from the two first verses of "My Rival":—

I go to concert, party, ball—
What profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall,
And strive to look at ease.
Thy e incense that is mine by right
They burn before her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And she is forty-nine.
I cannot check my girlish blush,
My colour comes and goes,
I reddened to my finger-tips,
And sometimes to my nose.
But she is white, where white should be;
And red where red should shine,
The blush that flies at seventeen
Is fixed at forty-nine.

Legislators who coach themselves in Indian affairs during the course of a three months' trip might do worse than read "Pagett, M.P." Indeed, Mr. Kipling's work brings home to the reader the position of the English in India better than many volumes of prose might do. And, best of all, "Departmental Ditties," is a real addition to poetic literature. When known, there is no need that it should be recommended. It is bright and brilliant, and true also to the life of which it is the outcome.

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THE FRENCH GALLERY

THE distinguishing feature of the Spring Exhibition at the Gallery in Pall Mall is a collection of pictures by two German artists, Fritz Von Uhde and Max Lieberman, who, though hitherto unknown in England, have acquired widely-spread reputations. The pictures of the latter show strongly-marked individuality, together with a great deal of artistic power. The most recent and best of them have been painted in Holland, and they depict the life of the poorer classes of that country with convincing fidelity and realistic force. Although the painter apparently has no feeling for beauty of form, and never aims at harmonious arrangement of line, several of his works, in addition to their truth to nature, admirably fulfil some of the most essential requirements of pictorial art. They are forcible in effect and painted with great solidity and strength, and many of them show remarkable skill in the treatment of light and colour. The distinctive qualities of his style are well exemplified in "Women Mending Nets," and in the smaller "Garden of the Maison des Invalides, Amsterdam." In this the brilliant sunshine struggling through the trees, under which the aged pensioners are seated, is most vividly rendered.

Professor Von Uhde, while not less accomplished in technique, is an artist of wider range and more imaginative power. There are here some early works by him, varied alike in subject and method, and of very unequal value. Infinitely more interesting are the pictures in which—following the example of the fifteenth-century German painters, the Venetians, and the Dutchmen—he has depicted scenes of Biblical history as if they had occurred in his own time and country. The first important work of the kind that he produced, "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me," which created so much sensation when it appeared at the Paris Salon in 1885, is lent for exhibition by the Leipzig National Gallery. In a commonplace and scantily-furnished room the Saviour clad in a long blue robe is seated with village children bearing evident signs of poverty grouped about him. Opinions may reasonably differ as to whether this very realistic manner of treating sacred themes is justified; but there can be no question as to the perfect sincerity with which the artist has carried out his purpose. The face and figure of Christ, though without dignity and elevation of character, are expressive of tender sympathy, and the children who regard him with perfect confidence are thoroughly natural and unaffected. The composition is harmonious, and the illuminated atmosphere throughout the room and all the varied reflections of light and colour are admirably rendered. The same curious combination of religious feeling with modern realism, and the same serious simplicity of treatment, are seen in the artist's larger picture, "The Last Supper."

A striking contrast to these works is seen in M. Alfred Bramt's academically correct but very conventional "The Departure of Tobias." On the same wall hang a very sympathetically treated domestic scene, "The Two Orphans," by Walther Firlé; and a life-sized half-length of "Hamida, an Arabian Girl," painted in his strongest and best style by L. C. Müller, of Vienna, whose failing sight has for some time past prevented him from working. M.

Munkacsy's "The Two Families," showing a lady and her children watching a group of pug dogs, though wanting in tone and spotty in effect, is infinitely superior to some crude and coarsely-handled pictures of the kind which he has recently produced. As usual here, the best of the small *genre* pictures are by Professor C. Seiler. His "Buffet at a Railway in the Bavarian Tyrol," crowded with travellers of different nationalities and infinitely varied in character and expression, is an excellent example of his work. It is full of carefully-considered matter, and to be rightly appreciated requires close examination. Quite as good in another way is "An Argentinian," in which he has depicted two elderly gentlemen of the *ancien régime* seated on a sofa, and setting forth their divergent views with studied courtesy of gesture.

MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERY

THERE is nothing of a very novel or surprising kind in the Spring Exhibition at this Gallery, but several of the artists whose works have given distinction to recent displays are again well represented. In the largest picture in the collection, the Serbian painter, P. Joanowitz, has depicted, with a great deal of dramatic and expressive power, an aged peasant with earnest and emphatic gesture relating "The Story of a Battle." The curiosity and interest of the children, and the weariness of some of the elders, who have often heard the tale before, are skilfully contrasted. All the figures seem to be true types of character, and the picture as a whole conveys a strong impression of reality. It is more harmonious in colour than most of the artist's previous works, and in better keeping. Like all his works of the kind, Professor Sorbi's small "Outside a Florentine Osteria" has an air of artificiality. But, though the men and women of the last century, enjoying themselves in various ways on a brilliantly sunny day, seem to belong to the operatic stage rather than to real life, they are full of animation, and painted with remarkable dexterity and natural grouping, and painted with remarkable dexterity and *finesse*. Beside hangs a well composed and ably-executed picture by a comparatively unknown painter, F. Ulrich, representing comely and vivacious Venetian girls seated under a pergola preparing "For the Battle of Flowers." The three pictures by Eugène de Blaas would claim more notice if they did not, both in subject and treatment, so closely resemble many of his previous productions. "The Spider and the Fly," in which the actors are a coquettish Venetian girl and a bashful chair-mender, strikes us as the best of them. Mr. Peter Graham in his stormy Highland scene, with well-grouped cattle in the foreground, "At Break of Day," has faithfully depicted a transient and impressive effect of Nature. A younger Scotch painter, Mr. David Farquharson, is seen to very great advantage in his large "Frosty Morning in Mid-Lothian," in which the effect of vaporous atmosphere and soft suffused light is admirably rendered. Karl Heffner's very large twilight picture "Still Waters Run Deep" is a good example of his very popular, but rather scenic and mannered style. A delicately-toned and luminous landscape study, "A Grey Morning," by the Dutch painter, J. Neuhays, well deserves notice; so also does Mr. W. L. Wyllie's bright and effective little snow scene, "Winter on the Medway."

MR. McLEAN'S GALLERY

ONE of the first things to arrest attention in Mr. McLean's small Exhibition is a large picture by a young Hungarian animal painter, Geza Vastagh, none of whose work has till now been shown in London. It is called "A Happy Family," and represents a lioness rolling in the sand with her cubs gambolling about her, while the head of the family—a magnificent specimen of his race—regards

them with benign satisfaction. The animals are full of vitality, well designed, and painted in a broad, vigorous, but finished style. The varied tints and textures of their tawny hides are skilfully rendered. Mr. Orchardson has not infused much human interest into his picture "If Music be the Food of Love" hanging at the end of the Gallery. The tall and graceful lady playing on the piano appears quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman who, with no distinct expression on his face, sits far apart from her. The picture, however, is admirable for its quality and arrangement of colour, its broad illumination, and the artistic way in which its different elements are brought into harmony. Beside it hangs the latest and one of the best of M. Léon L'Hermitte's pictures of French rustic life, "The Gleaners—Evening," remarkable for its subdued harmony of tone, not less than for the truthful character and natural action of the figures. G. Bauerfeind's very large picture of a Mahomedan procession at "Jaffa," though full of incident and apparently true to local fact, gives no impression of the clear atmosphere and glowing colour of the East. The best of the remaining works have appeared in previous Exhibitions here.

A BISMARCK CARICATURE ALBUM will be brought out at Berlin in time for the Prince's birthday, on April 1st. It will contain all the pictures of Prince Bismarck published in the *Kladetadatsch*—the Berlin *Punch*—during the last forty years, beginning when the Prince sat in the Prussian Second Chamber as plain Herr von Bismarck.

THE RED MAN'S LANDS IN THE UNITED STATES are coveted fiercely by his white brother. The House of Representatives having passed a Bill declaring the Cherokee strip of the Indian Territory public land, boomers poured in from all sides at the end of last week, and struggled to secure the best plots. Twenty-five thousand arrived in one day; and, as they refuse to leave quietly, the troops have been called out to expel the boomers till the land is ready for settlement. Though, for form's sake, the unlucky Indians are consulted respecting their willingness to remove, they really have little option in the matter. As a Ute chief said pathetically to the Government Commissioner, they agree to go, because "You will not have to say, 'Get out of here, Utes; you have got too good land.'"

FRENCH ARTISTS are in the highest spirits at the opportunities of display offered to them this year. Although nearly 200 painters have deserted to M. Meissonier, the old Paris Salon finds no falling-off in the quantity of contributions—the quality must be decided later. Last year 7,000 works were sent to the Palais de l'Industrie, and, from all appearances, this season will be equally productive. The "Independent Artists" open their Exhibition this week while the two great collections are preparing for the fray. Speaking of Continental Art, an interesting collection of portraits of the great painters of the present century is now open at Brussels. Most of the pictures are loans either from the Belgian State Museums or from the Government collections of neighbouring countries. In Vienna, the Emperor opened on Tuesday the annual Art Exhibition in the Künstlerhaus, while another collection will be inaugurated next week, including pictures painted by the artist Pausinger during his Eastern tour with the late Prince Rudolph. On the other side of the Atlantic, the Americans have taken a fancy to water-colours for their private collections, in preference to other styles of painting, and much interest has been shown in the Exhibition of the American Water-Colour Society at New York. This Exhibition is pronounced the best ever held, owing to the severity of the Hanging Committee, who only accepted 645 out of 1,800 contributions.

THE MANUFACTURING

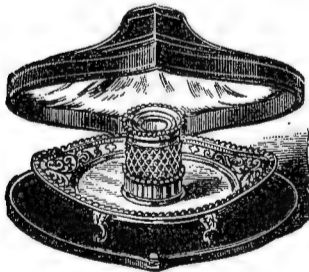
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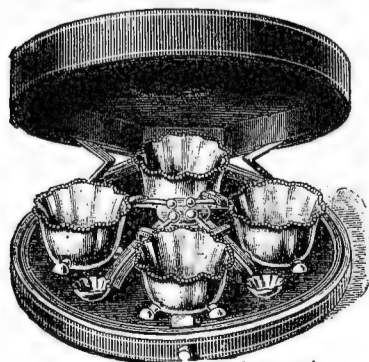


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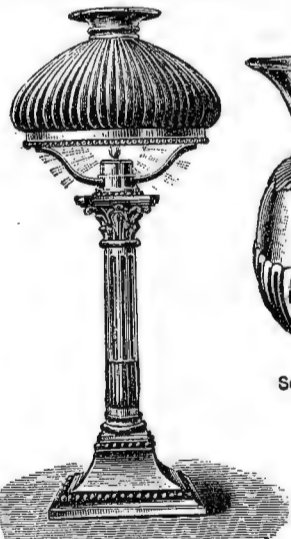


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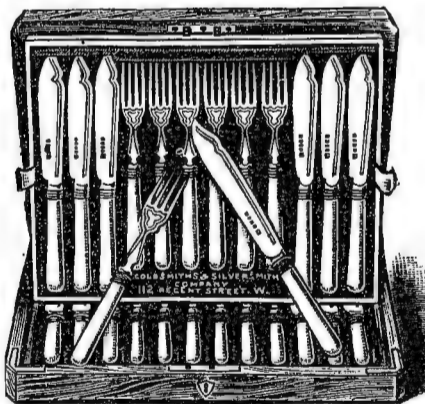
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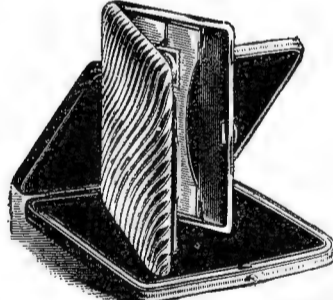
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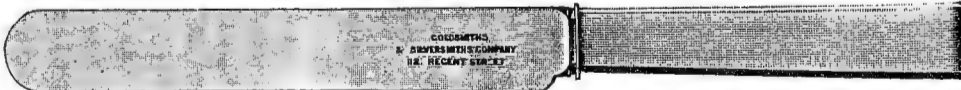
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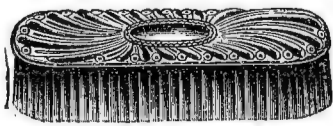


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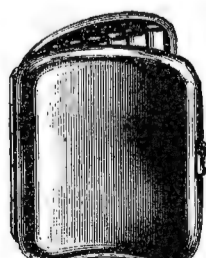


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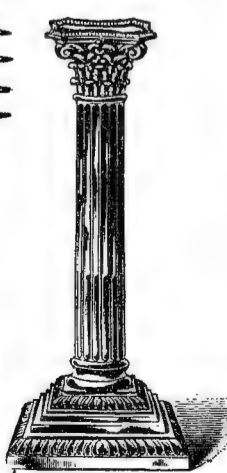
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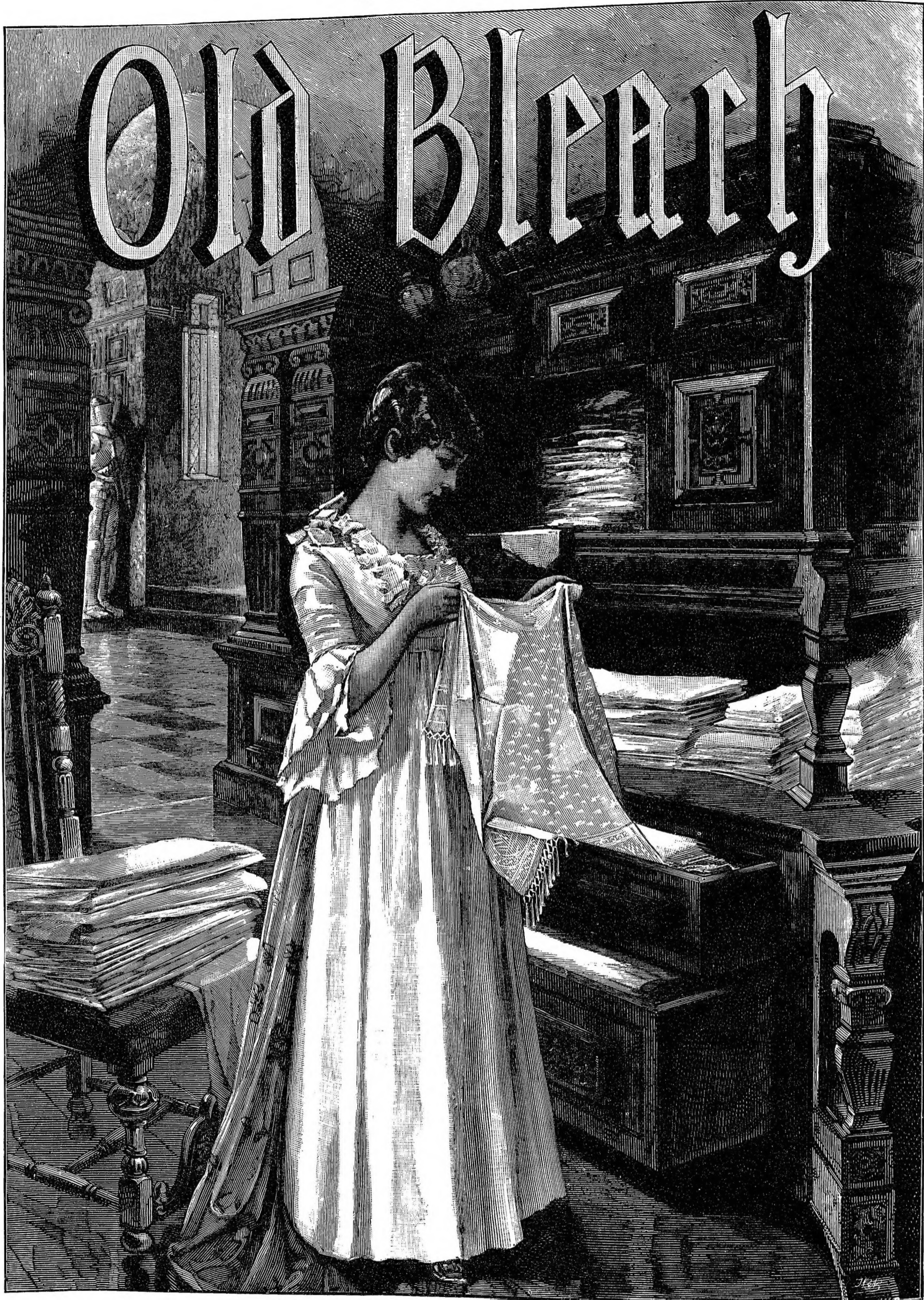
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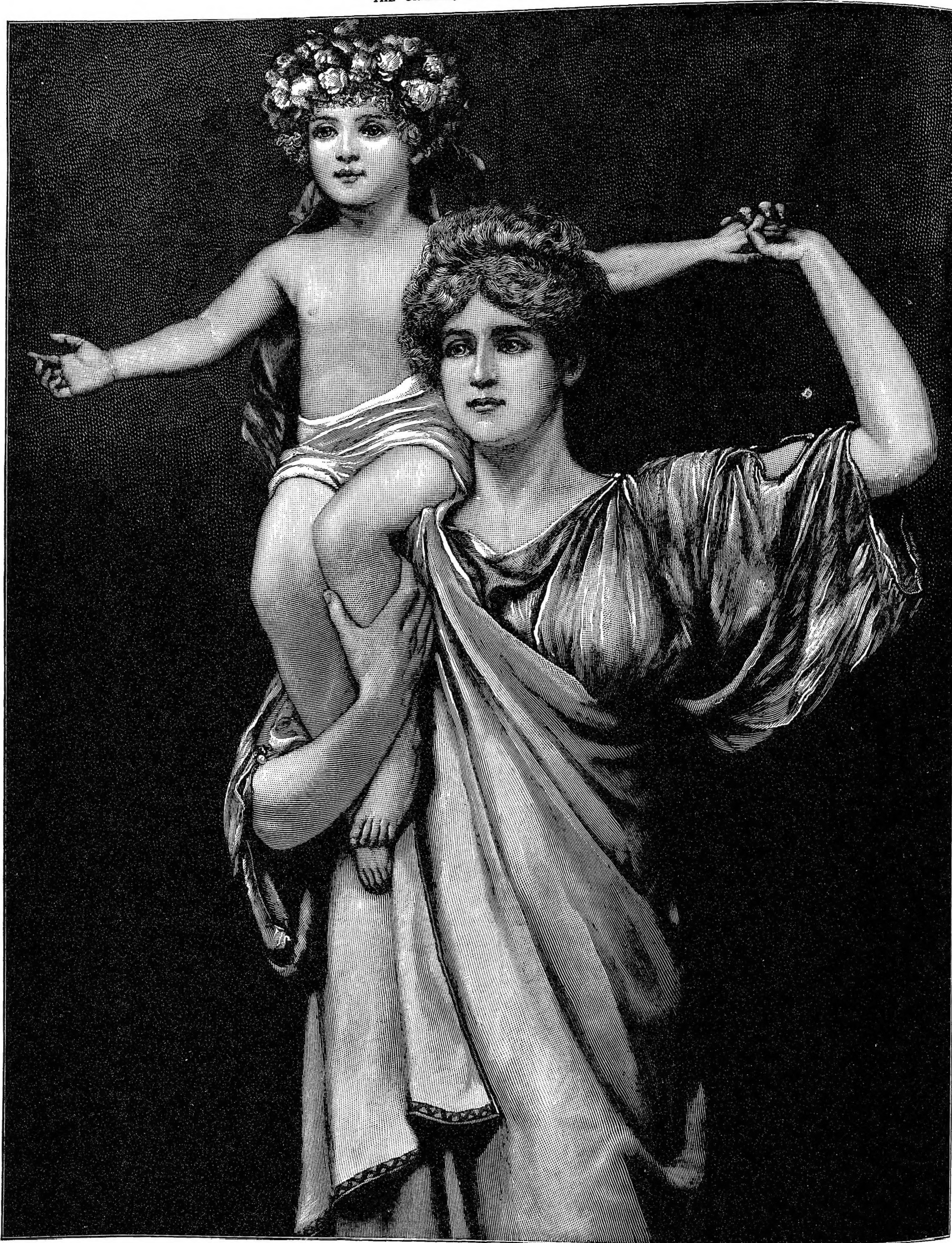
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